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[The Island and Seafaring Greeks]

the warm morning sunshine, to watch the sailors of the numerous passenger and cargo ships work aboard ship and then relax in the tiny sea-front cafés, and to talk with the families of those whose most energetic sons are away at sea, is an introduction to a world incomprehensible to many peasants in Central and Northern Greece and strange to the inland American. For me, the best hours of all were those spent along the quay of a busy port with a retired sea captain, telling the tales of his misadventures — a 1950 version of the trials of Odysseus. All of these seafarers, fishermen, and merchant seamen, crews and captains and their island-anchored families, are a part of the rainbow in the rock. Yet they, along with the city Greeks, so similar in vitality but different in their life, make up only half of the people of Greece. The other half are rural. It is with this largest single group that we shall concern ourselves.

The Greek Villager

Being rural in Greece means living in a village, which is usually a picturesque collection of houses, lanes, gardens, orchards, vineyards, and fields. It also means that one is a peasant, since the Greek terms *choriates*, *chorikos*, derived from the word *choria* (village), are the closest approximations of *peasant* in the Greek language. But any Westerner, in seeking to understand the rural Greek, needs to divest himself of many false notions about the nature of a peasantry, be these on the romantic side of overidealization or on the derogatory plane of considering them mere bearers of burdens and dull plodders through life.[15]

In not all countries do peasants always live in villages, but they do in Greece. Therefore, in examining social life throughout the Greek mainland, away from the cities, we can use *villager*, *peasant*, and *rural population* interchangeably, feeling that if we understand Greek village life, we also shall have gained a point of comparison for the study of peasantries in other countries.

The importance of the small village in Greek life can best be shown by a few figures taken from the 1951 census. For instance, 44.6 percent — or almost half of the Greek people — lived in 5,473 communes, or local political units, of less than 2,000 inhabitants. At the other extreme was Athens, whose population included 18 percent of the nation's total; by 1961 it had reached 22 percent. Since 1940 there has been a definite drift toward Athens and the twenty other towns which in 1940 had a population of over 20,000. Despite this urban trend, one must still recognize that the small village is an imposing aspect of Greek life which deserves far more attention than it has received in the past.

Although rural people today are increasingly drawn to the city, the peasant in years past has been a man of the land, usually suspicious of city ways. And herein lies a question: are these millions of peasants, following a daily

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take anything else with him, he took off his cloak and filled it with straw. As he hurried away in his rush and fright the straw bit by bit fell on the road and became stars. When he got to his house his robe was empty and behind him followed the monks. Since then we call these stars the priest's straw.

Rain. When summer has come to an end and fall is there we pick our grapes and harvest our maize and are waiting for God to send rain so that we can sow our wheat. The first rains start in mid-October. . . . They start either with a slow modest rain or sometimes with a strong one. The strong rain starts abruptly and all hell lets loose. The sky meets with the earth. Lightning, thunder, wind, hell. We all run with our hoes to hold the water back from entering our homes; others run to pull their animals out of ravines so that the water does not carry them away. Others gather the things that have remained outside, and others shelter themselves in their homes and gaze at the storm from their windows. When the weather turns good again it is the joy of God. Then we get ready our agricultural equipment for the field; it is time to sow. Rain is our life. Without it nothing grows; we are lost. But the rain can also do harm. When it rains suddenly the rivers come down with a rush carrying things and destroying our fields. It carries many rocks and stones onto the plain; when it rains and blows, it's hell. It throws down the wheat and it does a lot of damage. A good rain is a slow one. . . .

But nature is more than a collection of stars or plants or animals. It represents the forces against which man must contend as he seeks to wrest his living from the soil; nature brings disasters to which man must adjust even though he does not completely reconcile himself to his misfortune.

One type of catastrophe that visits Greece at frequent intervals is the earthquake, which comes usually in the late spring and summer. Wherever a person travels in Central Greece, Thessaly, or the Peloponnesos, he hears of the damage done by tremors. There is today an Old Corinth and a New Corinth, the latter being built after the old city was destroyed in 1858. New Corinth was once more destroyed in 1928 and rebuilt. In one village people still talk with sadness of a quake which occurred in 1875, killing forty-seven women and children inside the church. One of the most damaging earthquakes of recent memory was the August 1953 series of tremors in the Ionian Islands which destroyed so much of Cephalonia, Zante, and Ithaca. In April and May of 1954, more than thirty persons were killed in the quakes of Thessaly, three hundred injured, and thirty-two thousand made homeless.

Nature shows its unkindness in other ways. Sudden hailstorms, drought, and insect pests take their annual toll in many parts of Greece. While on a trip with the inspector of agriculture from Larissa, Thessaly, through some fields recently damaged by a storm, I asked him what the peasants thought of such a devastating rain. He said that they did not feel any enmity against the elements but do say in all seriousness to them "na se pare ho diavolos!" (may the devil take you!)

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823 Despite many difficulties, the rural Greeks continue to like the summits
361 about them, and they settle down in bleak and stony areas with a contentment hard for the outsider to understand. At a point between Lamia and Karpenesi near Tymphrestos Mountain, we passed a peasant woman who was driving a donkey loaded with alfalfa to her village.

"This is a nice place here, isn't it?" we said, to get a conversation started.

"Yes, it's nicely situated."

"Have you got water?"

[312] "Yes, we brought it from afar [made an installation] and now we are all right. The winter is hard but we are prepared to face it. We gather our wood in advance and we sit around our fireplaces, spin, weave, eat chestnuts, while our animals are down below eating their fodder."

A few miles farther on we talked to another woman walking along the road. She remarked in the course of the conversation: "My son wanted to go to America. He went. Now, he's longing for his mountains."

To understand Greece, therefore, one must know not only the geography of her mountains, but the meaning of these mountains to the people who make them their home. The economic struggle in these highland villages
241 is told by Papaspyropoulos in his account of Kleitoria, in the Peloponnesos.
433 Notice his comparison with the lowland villages.

The villagers of my village, like all the others of that area, are farmers. Even the priest is an agriculturist, as well as the teacher, the doctor, and those who own the shops. The shepherds also are farmers; one day they go with
[233] their sheep, and the next day they go to their fields. Farming is the basis; livestock and other occupations are secondary. Systematic livestock production is only done by the shepherds of Mount Chelmos. The agricultural life in our
[312] village is very hard because the fields are few and divided into strips and the
[423] water is scarce. Each owner does not have his fields in one spot; he has one stremma [one-fourth acre] here and another further down; the one on the heights and the other in the plains, the one to the right, the other to the left. Thus in walking "they melt [wear out] their shoes." The same and even worse takes place when it is time for watering. No roads! They walk on stones here and there in the ravines, and to go back to their village after their work, tired
[487] as they are, they have to walk for an hour or more. And what sort of road! Abrupt paths and steep climbs. Neither shoes nor clothes can remain undamaged. They roam around in rags. Only on Sundays and on larger holidays can one see them in some way neatly dressed. A hard life without improvement, for the fields are few and not productive. A soft and restful life is led by the
[312] lowlanders. They have a good plain, straight road and lots of water, which is supplied by the river there. For this reason they have all kinds of fruit orchards, vegetable gardens, and other kinds of trees.

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The Plains

Peasants nowadays live in the plains more willingly than they do in the mountains. Good level land has a scarcity value. The most thorough study of this has been made by A. G. Ogilvie, who prepared a map of population density in Greece for the *Geographical Journal* of May–June 1945. He has identified fifty-nine districts which he regards as plains. These usually contain the regional and local capitals and are widely scattered among and around mountains, including in most cases the slopes facing them. They take up about 30 percent of the mainland, but contain about 52 percent of the nonurban population. Thus, one half of the rural population lives upon plains comprising less than one third of the mainland; but this also means that the remaining one half of the rural population lives in a completely mountainous environment.

In Greece the largest plain — that of Trikkala-Karditsa in Thessaly — is less than five hundred square miles in size, not much larger than many American counties. The roll call of the plains, which are alluvial, would list the major provincial towns, whose location is in part an answer to the need for marketing and transportation services of the villagers located in the surrounding fertile agricultural areas. Whether I was traveling in the Peloponnesos, in Epirus, or elsewhere, it was always a stirring sight to climb some range and find spread out on the other side a fruitful valley, along a river or in some old lake basin whose water drained off long ago.

When Greeks think of the plains, however, they think of the kind around Larissa, the chief city of Thessaly, which has rapidly become the center of mechanized agriculture, or they think of the plain of Thessalonike in Macedonia. These are the most important breadbaskets of Greece. Familiarity with these plains means also familiarity with the sun of Greece, which beats down mercilessly in the summertime. Here, a clump of trees or even a single tree is an oasis of shade for a rest after hours of working the sun-baked fields. Where there is not even one tree, the peasants rig up tentlike shelters for use at noonday or take refuge beneath a battered umbrella. During the agricultural season the plains literally teem with people — seldom are they ever out of sight or sound; but they do become more tired and listless as the day wears on. The peasant men in straw hats become tanned to the color of dark leather, as do many of the women in spite of their free-flowing headkerchiefs. The sun, nevertheless, works wonders with the crops, ripening the grain and bringing sweetness to the magnificent fruits of Greece.

If the plains make one conscious of the sun, they make one even more conscious of water — so much so that a tepid drink from a donkey-borne cask has a refreshing tang to it. On the plains there is usually too much

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One night "unknown persons" changed the course of the spring and the water was diverted toward Papadates.

As Kerasovo villagers conferred in the village square, forty villagers from Papadates, armed with stones, assaulted the fringes of Kerasovo.

A general alert was sounded. Hoes were taken from the barns of Kerasovo, knives from the kitchens and hand grenades — relics of the Greek civil war — from various hiding places.

Meanwhile, armed reinforcements arrived from Papadates. Policemen fired into the air to intimidate the enraged villagers, but no one paid any attention.

A few hours later two infantry companies arrived from the nearest town and imposed martial law. Two teen-age girls died from injuries received during the battle. (*New York Times*, September 9, 1954)

The storks like to nest in a village around which there are watered meadows or even marshes. In the village of Almyros, between Lamia and Volos (in Thessaly), a family of storks had built a huge nest of mud and twigs around the cross on the top of the church. "You see," the peasants of Almyros say, "his nest on that spot shows that the stork is a blessed bird." Pharsala, on the main route between Athens and Thessalonike, stands out as a town especially favored by the storks whose coming is considered a good omen. In Epirus and Macedonia and Thrace the evening silence is often broken by the rattlelike noise which this bird makes with his red beak — his white plumage gleaming in the waning sunlight and his long legs silhouetted against the sky. The storks are to the plains what the eagle is to the mountain, one a bird of the lowlands which builds his nests in the chimneys of village homes with people all around, and the other a bird of the heights preferring solitude and willing to pit himself against nature's angriest moods.

Mountains versus Plains

Mountains and plains take on social meaning as people try to gain a living from them. In Greece people frequently speak of "mountain villages" and "plains villages" as though their residents differed from each other. As a matter of fact, both in physical appearance (location, house types, and land use) and in accessibility, the plains and mountain villages are distinct and will be described more fully in a later chapter.

K. D. Karavidas, of the Agricultural Bank of Greece, has for a long time been interested in this problem and points it up by telling an anecdote:

This happened in a mountain village in Central Greece near the Gulf of Corinth. Every year these people would come down to the plains, work fifteen days, and get beans and wheat to carry them through the year. During the German occupation, however, the prices of food went so high that the plains peasants decided to do their own harvesting. They took the produce, which

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III

The Village Setting

621 Part of the story of Greek survival lies in the village form of organization.
361 To be sure, the city has exercised a tremendous sway over the thought and
[369] mood of the Greek people in the past and even more so today. But a peasant's tangible world has been his village. We see the village first of all as a place with a focal point, or square, from which emanate streets, lanes, or paths winding in adjustment to the local surface features. As a place,
[491] the village has increasing connections with the outside world, since new
[487] roads continue to replace donkey tracks which until recently led from the more isolated areas.

But the village is also a service center where the farm family can shop or get some local artisan to make or repair household or farm equipment. In the rural areas of Greece, as elsewhere, these village services do not extend to waste disposal, this being the responsibility of the individual family. Viewed from another point, the village is a collection of houses, yards, and gardens, which also deserve a brief description if one is to see the backdrop against which so much of the peasant's daily life occurs.

621 In the village the rural Greek has found a pattern of life which gives him
[476] the many advantages of a close-knit community and at the same time allows
[438] him to farm his land, exchange work and implements with his relatives or
[233] neighbors, sell his crops, and care for his animals in a common pasture, frequently under the care of a common swineherd or shepherd. Agricultural

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experts are rightly questioning some of the obvious economic difficulties of trying to farm several scattered strips from a village home base, but they sometimes forget the social efficiencies found in a village in contrast to the isolated farmstead. Some of this social efficiency becomes apparent as soon as one arrives in the *plateia*, the village square.

The Plateia

Any visitor from outside is expected by the villagers to make his identity and business known as soon as possible, not to conform to any legal or police requirements but to satisfy the lively, usually friendly village curiosity. The plateia is the stage for this performance. Upon entering the village, one heads toward the most imposing coffeehouse in the plateia. A reception committee springs apparently from nowhere in the person of the local village president or some other dignitary. By the time the coffeehouse is reached, the visitor becomes the honored guest and is asked what refreshment he prefers — coffee or something stronger. Meanwhile, four or five other men, who consider themselves important enough locally to display such forwardness, join the reception committee at the table. Others stand around to watch what the strangers do and to listen to the conversation. Such situations call to mind the observation of a traveler through the Balkans and Eastern Europe half a century ago, who pointed out that when the Russian or the Turk had no business to occupy him, he went home; but when the Greek or the Jew had nothing to do, he stood on the corner of the square hoping something would turn up.[1] After the newcomers have observed the formalities and explained the purpose of the visit, everyone can then sit back and relax to drink the sirupy coffee or to give one's throat a chance to cool after each swallow of the fiery *ouzo*. Only then can the visitor really devote his attention to what the people who pass through the square are doing or wearing.

First there are the children, some of them startled as they suddenly see their reflection in the shiny chromium automobile bumper; other youngsters settle down to some simple game after the visitor becomes monopolized by the older people. Next comes a man carrying pottery jars to the fountain at the edge of the square, getting water for his coffeeshop around the corner. Peasants on their way from the fields ride their carts through the square, with a spare horse used for plowing led along behind. The animals as well as the very small children shy away from the automobile. Women look from the windows of the nearby houses at the group at the tables under the trees in front of the coffeehouse, but only very few ever venture close enough to hear what the men are talking about. A bus from the city pulls in with a roar and a clatter and quickly becomes the center of attention.

As the sights and sounds of the people and the animals become familiar,

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the buildings around the plateia catch the eye. The church with its bell tower and dome is easily spotted. The cemetery is at the edge of the village, we are told, "back there where you passed the row of tall cypress trees." The school is usually nearby. If school is in session, then the noise of children at recess can be distinctly heard, as can the bell which calls them indoors. A sign rather than the size of the building announces the headquarters of the local village council. Many villages have a cooperative society, identified by a sign on its office near the plateia. Other coffeehouses and one or two small grocery stores account for the rest of the buildings on the square.[2] The universality of these coffeehouses and small shops is shown in Table 1, presenting the services provided in eight villages of more than a thousand in population, in the early 1950s.[3] Some of the items deserve fuller explanation.

The flour mills. In the case of the Xanthe village, four of the flour mills were built during the occupation, the other two long before then. These mills operate not more than a total of thirty days each during the year because local grain production is very limited and also because local people get their ration flour ready-ground from the government.

The one flour mill in the Mesolongi village has an old engine which uses charcoal for fuel and which hardly works more than two days a week. Most of the time it is under repair. Many of the villagers are therefore obliged to take their grain to the mills of neighboring villages.

The bakeries. In the larger villages these find sufficient business to stay open not only to sell their goods but to bake throughout the day for the village housewives, who bring in either unbaked loaves of bread or some dish for the ovens. With fuel so scarce in many parts of the country, it is much more economical at times for a family to take an uncooked casserole to the commercial baker than to try to bake it at home.

The village stores. In one of the Macedonian villages the yearly gross sales of the seven stores run from just less than $700 for the smallest one to $3330 for the two largest. These same two largest ones extend over $1000 of credit each year, while the smallest one gives no credit.

The owners of these stores purchase their goods directly from wholesale dealers in Salonica and bring them to the village with trucks or horsecarts. They do not hire any outside laborers, but use their sons or family members for the work. All stores sell for cash, credit, or take different farm products as payment. The credit extended to farmers by the different shopkeepers depends on the financial situation and the economic standing of the customers. More credit is given to farmers who own livestock because they are able to pay back their debts at more frequent intervals than ordinary farmers, who can pay back their debts only once a year after harvest. No direct interest is charged on credit goods, but their price is usually such as to include the interest.

The studies cited contain much more information about these village stores. The stock carried may include food, clothing, and farm implements.

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house proprietor has edged her way into the group and asks, "But isn't he young to be a professor?" It is at this point that one pulls out the impressive credentials, beribboned and sealed, from the university authorities back in America. Though it is written in English, no one questions the authenticity of such an imposing document. Everyone is then delighted to supply any information at his command, even going so far as to ask: "What would the professor like to know about our village?" "Let's begin at the beginning. How did your village get started?"

Location

Almost every village has some tradition about its origin; it may be legendary or historical. The following account by a native of a Peloponnesian village illustrates the legendary:

> In the old days my village was built more to the west in a place now called Palaiochori [Old Village]. My forefathers left Palaiochori and built the village where it is nowadays because a great epidemic had caused the death of many people. It is said that all of those who had danced at a wedding on a particular day died, for the evil was caused by a spook in the form of a dog which jumped from one shoulder to another. Wherever it stopped, that guest became sick and died. Those who survived the evil came and built the village of today. In the beginning they put up huts and later on houses. The country was wild and full of trees. In order to choose a good spot they took three pieces of meat and put them in three possible sites. They then noticed which piece of meat spoiled last and chose that site; they were glad that the North Wind blew upon the spot selected.[4]

Many Greek villages are of relatively recent origin and do not need to rely upon legend for an explanation of their location. Particularly in Macedonia and Thrace, scores of new villages were built to accommodate the approximately 150,000 rural refugee families coming from Asia Minor in the 1920s, although as many as two thirds of the rest of these new arrivals were installed in old villages in temporary huts or in houses vacated by the Bulgarians and Turks exchanged for the Greeks. As a rule, these villages were located near a road and on cultivable land, so that they were much more accessible than the older mountain villages.

There was some discussion at the time of resettlement about the advisability of establishing the farmers on independent farmsteads rather than in villages. Some serious disadvantages to the village system from the standpoint of efficient use of time have been set forth in various reports. Frequently not less than two or more hours each day is spent by several members of the family in traveling between their home and their fields. It is also necessary to transport all food supplies, the grain, grapes, beans, hay, and other crops, as well as all fuel, by donkey or mule over long distances, an expenditure of labor which would be unnecessary if the people lived on the land they farmed.[5]

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on the land they farmed.[8] Despite these economic disadvantages, the Greek peasants, in the 1960s as well as in the 1920s, kept on living in villages. The talk of "saving time" has little appeal, since the villagers move in a time sequence quite unrelated to the concept of the industrialized West. They ask, "Save time for what?" As an aside, it is of interest to note that whereas the Greek villager becomes bored when one talks of saving time, he listens intently when one suggests ways of increasing his income, adding to his food supply, or helping him meet his taxes.

Another deterrent to the settlement on the independent farmsteads was noted by Henry Morgenthau, who had been United States Ambassador to Turkey (1913–16) before serving as Chairman of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission, established by the League of Nations. He called it the "hiving" habit of Greek families, which led those coming from one village in Asia Minor to try to relocate together in a new community in Greece. His observations, though couched in superlatives, are well worth repeating:

> The Greek character has special qualities that had to be taken into account [in resettlement]. Like his ancestors, the modern Greek is an intense individualist. Interference with his personal independence, or his freedom to order his life in his own way, is sharply resented. Every Greek has his own ideas about everything and hesitates neither to express them nor to act upon them. He would be quite impossible to manage were not this disintegrating characteristic counterbalanced by his equally intense social instinct. He is the most gregarious of human beings and will not live where he cannot foregather in the evening with his fellows. The daily gatherings in the local café are as dear to the heart of the Greek as were the weekly gatherings at the meeting house to the Puritans of old — and for many of the same reasons. . . .[9]

Furthermore, as Morgenthau also pointed out, new houses could be provided much more quickly and inexpensively in a village setting than if each house had to be constructed all by itself at considerable distance from all other houses.

Reconstruction also had to be carried out after World War II and the close of the guerrilla war. Along with this there was some relocation of villages because the old sites were considered too inaccessible or the means of livelihood too precarious. One such place was Menithi, on the seacoast of Western Greece, where three hundred families were settled between 1949 and 1951. They had come from two communities in the mountains about five or six hours' walk away. Their home villages had been destroyed three times: by the Italians, then by the Germans, and finally by the Communist Antartes. The peasants were primarily agricultural and livestock producers but knew nothing of the sea. As we talked with them in the plateia, within a stone's throw of the sea, some of the men asked, "What do we shepherds know about fishing?" and others, with disgust in their

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voices, questioned: "Just how would a fisherman know how to guard livestock?" The new site had been chosen because it was sheltered, near the water, and on the road. The houses had been provided free by the Ministry of Reconstruction, each being set in a plot of four hundred square meters in which a small vegetable garden was possible. As the surrounding cropland was insufficient to support all of these families, the men had to go far away in search of jobs while leaving the women and children behind.

In the beginning of the reconstruction period, private contractors were given the task of rebuilding the destroyed villages and in some cases put up shoddy dwellings in a location where people did not want to live. Some of these stand today between Lamia and Volos abandoned, mute testimony to the failure of projects carried out without consulting those supposed to benefit from them. But most of the postwar villages are now inhabited and contrast, because of their straight streets and their houses in a perfect line, with the older villages where the streets wander and each individual put up his house on his lot as it pleased him.

Location, however, is more complex than some of the peasants' explanations or the contractors' choices would imply. It usually represents over a long period of time an adjustment to the resources which people need for their livelihood. First of all, there must be water available for drinking and washing. Should a spring upon which everyone depended dry up, the people of the village would move, ghosts or no ghosts, particularly if the women got tired of carrying water from some unreasonable distance. Over a period of time, also, the peasants locate their settlements as a compromise between the requirements for wood and pastures on heights above the village and the need for daily travel to their fields lying below. That is why villages are so frequently perched on a hillside instead of on the level land beneath. Of course, if the plain is large and the hills distant from land owned by the peasants, they will build a village on the plain and make long trips for their wood. Another factor affecting location in the days of Turkish rule was the villager's desire to be off the main road and thus less subject to taxation by officials and to requisition of foodstuffs by passing troops. He valued his freedom. Those old villages are now suffering from the isolation which was once a blessing. But many of the people still cling to residence in the old village in preference to separate farms because of the protection a village gives against wild animals and predatory armies, and because neighbors help each other to cultivate the earth. A further reason for the long survival of the village was its suitability to the system of large landholdings prevalent through much of Greece before the liberation from the Turks. Estate owners or managers could better control and supervise the rural workers whose houses were conveniently grouped together. Nowadays, according to those engaged in community development, better provisions for schools, roads, medical services, mail, and other

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public facilities can also be provided where the people are concentrated in villages.

Students of village life, in addition to deciding why settlements are found where they are, also try to describe the different shapes which the settlements assume. In Greece one finds a great many compact (nucleated) villages in which the lanes move in all directions from the central square and houses are built along these lanes. Another type, found, for instance, in the northern Peloponnesos between Corinth and Patras, is the line village which extends like a ribbon along some main highway and has little depth in either direction. Sometimes these line villages also follow a narrow river valley. In any event, the lay of the land contributes to the shape of the settlement, as well as to its aesthetic effect upon the passerby.

The Importance of Roads

One need not sit in the village square or around a fire in the main room of a peasant's house very long before learning that roads are important topics of conversation.[1] They loom large in the peasant's consciousness, revealing a growing desire on the part of the villagers for a rapid link with the outside. Their isolated world is breaking down, much to their joy, and they are feeling more and more a part of the body politic of Greece.

Today one can travel to most of the major towns of Greece on relatively narrow but high-speed, black-topped roads. Every few miles an all-weather gravel road leads off from these highways to serve a number of villages through which it winds; it also serves an even greater number connected with it by a road passable only in good weather or by a donkey track over which no motor vehicle can travel. Many familiar with the contribution of the American aid program to Greece maintain that, aside from the turning of the tide against the Communist guerrillas, the most lasting reminder of American help will be the greatly expanded road system. In Northern Greece, in particular, military roads are being constructed through areas which formerly were hours away from any contact with trucks or buses; and in all parts of Greece villagers through the "personal labor" program are building roads to connect their communities with some good highway not too far away.

Sensing the stress placed upon roads, we began to talk to people about the difference that a new road made to the villages it reached. Everywhere the testimony was much the same. One nomarch (or prefect) gave this explanation: "With a new road the state functions can be more immediately brought to the people. The new agricultural extension program can be taken to a village on a road and people can go to the center to talk to the officials. But there are more gradual changes as well: the peasant wants to improve his home because his wider travel helps him see a better life; he wants to keep his home cleaner."

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When walking through a mountain village, one often looks from an upper lane down upon several tiers of houses beneath, since the buildings compactly hug the slope vertically rather than stretch in a narrow row at the same level. This gives a good opportunity to observe the roof types, one of the simplest ways used by Greek folklorists in the classification of village homes. There are, in general, two main types of roof: the sloping, which predominates on the mainland, and in which the slopes from either side of the central roof beam may or may not be of equal length. If they are equal, one has the eagle type or saddle-back type. The second general type is the flat roof, called *doma*, found chiefly on the islands and characteristically Mediterranean. The houses with a sloping roof can be further divided into two types: the one-story house of the plains and the two-story house of the mountains. These types have been well described by George A. Megas and Angelike Chatzemichale, as well as by other students of Greek architecture.

The peasant, of course, will not tell you that his house is of the two-story, sloping-roof type. Instead, he will want to show you where he carries on his daily activities after he has served you some refreshment in the part of the house reserved for such honors. He will introduce you to some of the domestic animals almost as though they were members of the family; he will show you how his wife makes bread and will call to her, "Helene, come out here and show our guest how you put the loaves into the oven." He will want you to see the few tools he uses in repairing a wagon, an implement, or a piece of harness. Now and then, if the scenery warrants it, he will stop and show you the view and ask you if you ever gazed upon a more beautiful sight. He will apologize for the mud in the yard, reminding you, "we are just village folk and this is just a village home." When he tells his daughter to get busy at the homemade loom to show you how she weaves the coarse cloth, he will casually ask, "Do women in America weave as pretty cloth as our women in Greece?"

Should his house be one of the few with a flush toilet or with a homemade privy superior to the others in the village, this may be the first wonder he will proudly display. There is no rhyme or reason to the tour of the small farm, nor should there be. Somewhere en route, perhaps while one is still enjoying the sweets offered upon arrival, the family photographs will be passed around, special attention being centered upon the young man living in Chicago, Los Angeles, or Pittsburgh, who regularly sends remittances back to his family — or at least he did until he married an American wife. One is immediately aware that this is a home, a place where people live rather than merely a house consisting of building materials fashioned into some kind of suitable pattern.

Nevertheless, anyone interested in carrying away some lasting impression of a Greek home needs to pay attention to the house itself. I was fortu-

1:Sanders Z-5/4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

even to the extent of sleeping on the portico, on the roof balcony, or anywhere else where they found it comfortable. As a matter of fact, some students of the Greek house think the court the basic element, and the other parts of the house an adaptation to it and to the other needs connected with the individual peasant's kind of agriculture. Where the court is covered with flagstones, it serves for a longer season than do those that turn to mud after the fall or spring rains begin.

The court is separated from the street by some kind of wall or a fence of holm-oak branches. In the plains villages these walls, like the houses, are of mud brick. They too are white-washed a brilliant white on the Monday of Holy Week before Easter. Later on, when the rains come and the white-wash wears away, the walls take on a drabness that made travelers from early times on down to our day describe these plains villages as unattractive. Where the walls are well kept, where there are attractive tiled gateways — as in Macedonia — large enough for the wagon to drive through, the yards behind have a mysterious and richer look.

The village setting is part of the Greek peasant's physical adjustment to the land. Throughout Greece there are many variations in the appearances of the settlements due to differences in terrain, location, and communication. Villages set in the shadow of a towering mountain and surrounded by a forest of firs have a snug look; those whose green trees and vines are the only cool color in a vast stretch of hot brown fields invite one to stop and rest; those which stand proudly on the brow of a hill seem to be keeping a watchful eye on the farmlands lying around. Others, perched on some airy height, dare you to climb and visit them, and anyone doing so will be surprised to find that behind the village there is a broad shoulder of the mountain which provides good farmland to those willing to live there on the heights. For many villages the dark blue sea is part of the setting, even though none of the villagers may be able to swim a stroke. Whatever the location, the villager has the deep belief that his village site is the best possible one. The water of his village is the best-tasting in the world, and in moments of homesickness when he is away from his native place he would give anything for a drink of that water again and for a chance to see the incomparable view from his village.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Transhumance in the Peloponnesos

We were on our way to Tripolis, the chief interior city of the Peloponnesos. Earlier we had crossed the Corinth Canal, had stopped for gas at Corinth, and gone on to Argos, perhaps the most ancient city of Greece. Oranges were ripe on the trees in the square around the cathedral, where buses pulled up to let their through passengers have a bite to eat. Turkeys and chickens tied by the leg to the top of the bus gobbled and squawked intermittently, but long ago had ceased to struggle for freedom. Leaving Argos, we had begun the long winding climb that eventually brought us to a mountain-top view of the blue Gulf of Argos and of the small port city of Nauplion across the way beneath a fortress-topped summit. As always in Greece, the shifting light gave a magic cast to the hills whose eroded sides revealed a rainbow of color, to the brown cultivated fields below, and to the brilliant iridescent water. Such landscapes, ethereal in quality, are the paths into another world, where the legendary universe of Homer seems to have flowed into the pastoral existence of Greek shepherd families today. Suddenly, that life teemed about us.

The sheep were rounding the same curve as we were, but in the opposite direction — hundreds of them pushing and shoving and terrified at the sight of a noisy, shiny automobile. We quickly pulled to the side and parked. The shepherds whistled and called, brandishing their long crooks until they finally got the huge flock of sheep and goats past us. Having encountered and met this emergency, the shepherds were ready for a cigarette and a short chat. They were from the village of Valtetsi, a few miles beyond Tripolis, up in the mountains, and were headed with their flocks and families for Kranidi, approximately twenty-five miles below Nauplion. We learned that they were following the practice geographers call *transhumance*,[5] or the moving of the herds, as the seasons change, from a summer to a winter pasture, particularly from mountain to lowland grazing. These were not nomads in an endless round of movement on schedule from one good grassland to another. These people from Valtetsi had left their village of solid stone houses, where they spend approximately half of the year, for a definite location along a coastal plain where they were to spend the other half of the year.[6]

The shepherds to whom we talked represented five families traveling together. Each family had from one hundred to one hundred fifty sheep, its major source of sustenance and income; women and children accompanied the men and animals as a whole family. The trip from Valtetsi to Kranidi took eight days of slow travel. On this trek and at its lowland site each family managed its own affairs, with the father in charge.[7] There was no cooperative arrangement of a chief shepherd which I was to find later on in a journey to Northern Greece — simply a movement of parents and

1:Sanders Z-5μ (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos
[Shepherds]

children, pots and pans, donkeys, and a few articles of clothing left them after destruction of their village by the Communist guerrillas several years earlier.

A later April day found us again in Tripolis. On the road we had once more been encountering flocks from Valtetsi, but this time they were headed up toward home. Fortunately, Stephanos Agriopoulos, our favorite waiter in the Reed Restaurant, had relatives in Valtetsi and was eager to take us there. We left the main highway at the new tuberculosis hospital, turning toward the mountains on our right. The road was barely passable, evidently the mere widening of a sheep track winding in and out but always up, along the edges of dry, bone dry, ravines. Now and then one of us had to get out to shove a rock from the road. En route Stephanos told us much about the people and the hard economic struggle they were facing. The road became less rocky as we neared the village. There were small fields, brilliant green, with trees along the edges. The trees stood tall around the school and church, the center of the village, where their spring freshness and sturdiness cast a sort of tender protection over the ruined stone houses that were Valtetsi. It was only after we let the people unburden themselves of their more immediate troubles, such as rebuilding their houses, that we could turn to a description of their customary semiannual migration with their flocks.

Valtetsi, with its one hundred eighty families, had not suffered under the German occupation as had so many other Greek villages. Completely off any reasonable facsimile of a road, it was not visited by the invaders; but for this very reason it was frequented by the Communist guerrillas in the 1940s as they struggled for control of Greece. The Communist leaders repeatedly tried to persuade the people to join their side, but the Valtetsi residents refused. In anger at this refusal and with the words, "if you are not for us, you are against us," the Communists descended upon the village one day and killed about one hundred people, mostly men. They burned most of the houses and took the women and children off with them. Each man to whom we talked had some personal tragedy to relate and could show us the name of some close relative or friend on the marble monument by the church erected in honor of these victims of the Communist guerrillas. As a constant reminder of that terrible day, the houses still stood in ruins — six years later. We went from house to house and found that through lack of lumber the second stories had not been built back, nor had there been tile available for the roofs. Many of the families were holed in, as it were, on the first floor, pretty much exposed to the elements during the six months of their sojourn "at home." Yet the people were friendly, glad to see us. Their mobile faces were alive. They smiled easily, were full of curiosity, and bubbled with wit. The state of dilapidation was even more noticeable when the village secretary and president, in order to give us a drink of ouzo "for the road," had to ferret out a bottle and a few

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos

chipped glasses from the dark basement of a roofless building which was serving as the office of the village council.

Around the Valtetsi school that morning were children curious about the strange adults, the car, and the ten-year-old American boy and the twelve-year-old English-speaking Greek boy in our party, who quickly established contact and were soon surrounded. Questions and answers about the children came naturally. When we talked to the two teachers, we began to see what migration meant to these shepherd children. The school year starts in September with everyone enrolled, but by December 1 the youngsters have all set off with their families on the seven- to ten-day tramp below. St. Demetrios' Day (October 28) is the traditional date for departure, and St. George's Day (April 23) is the date for the return. Nevertheless, school opens again on March 1. This year (1953) four pupils had been present then; a week later ten showed up; at the time of our visit business was picking up even more and before long would reach the expected 104 enrollment. Classes would continue to August 15, with only a small break before the September registration occurred.

During the winter pasturing, the children attend no school but help with the flocks as much as they can. We had often during the winter months seen these solitary shepherd children as we drove along a lowland road. As they stood motionless when our car approached, with the sheep and the goats climbing around them, their faded shapeless clothing melting into the barren hillside, they looked neither frightened nor submissive and were quick to respond to a wave or a greeting. Later on, I asked the men with whom I was talking where most of the children were born, in Valtetsi or down below. One of them replied, much to the merriment of his fellows, "They are usually born here, for it's here that the heat wave starts." One man, the proud father of nine, said that all of his had been born in Valtetsi, although each knew of occasions when a child had arrived on the roadside without the ministrations of even a midwife. We asked young and old alike in Valtetsi and elsewhere what the children thought of this semi-annual change. All agreed that such a life was hard on children and that many of them dreaded the long march, but that there was no other livelihood open to their parents.

Since Valtetsi is at an altitude of 3360 feet, its hillsides are too exposed to make the pasturing of many sheep possible; in the winter months, removal to the plains below is therefore the only course of action open to the livestock owner. The families owning goats leave first, since the goats cannot stand the cold and they bear young earlier than do the sheep. Here in Valtetsi, the men pointed out, most of the pastures were communally owned and cost the people nothing; but down below each family had to contract with some peasant proprietor or commune for sufficient pasture for his flock, which now averages about 100 sheep in contrast to the 400

1:Sanders Z-5,1 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

The Engagement

Once dowry arrangements have been completed, the couple becomes engaged. This is invariably a festive occasion at the home of the girl, which calls not only for the hiring of musicians but frequently the preparation of special dishes, such as fried octopus, and the serving of great quantities of brandy and special liqueurs. The significance of the engagement is stressed by the fact that it often involves the village and not just the families concerned. One day while riding muleback in the mountains of Epirus we heard the sound of music from a distance. As we approached a small hamlet, small because most people were afraid to live in that politically unsettled area, we recognized the music as that of the *daouli* (big drum) and bagpipe. As we passed through, the president of the community came out and invited us to stop and join in the festivities. Here, as elsewhere, I learned that there were ceremonial ways in which the couple plight their troth: exchange of glasses of sweet liqueur from which they each drink and, more importantly, the exchange of heavy rings. If both sets of parents are alive, it is the custom in the Peloponnesos for the bride's mother to be the first to hand the rings over to the couple, the groom's father then repeats this, and the bride's does so for the third time. The priest is not involved nor is the *koumbaros* (sponsor at the wedding to follow and godparent at the baptism) called upon at this time.

The engagement period is not viewed as a time of exploration and reaching a decision by the young people as to whether they are actually suited to each other; in Greece, once engaged, the couple is expected to marry, and there is almost no breaking off of an engagement. This step is regarded as serious as the wedding itself, for it is a public recognition that two families are to be related. But customs during the engagement period vary considerably in Greece. For example, the customary length of engagement may vary from one week or less in a few villages to less than a year in other places, although most generally the engagement period would be at least a year. This is a feverish period of activity on the part of the family to ensure the collection of all necessary dowry items. In some parts of Greece the young man may go to live in the home of his future in-laws if he is needed there. He may be working in the village where he found his bride-to-be and, rather than maintain separate bachelor's quarters or board with some other family, he may move into his future home. Or, if he has no fields of his own and goes to work on his in-laws' estate, he will probably move into the in-laws' home. In Aetolia, if the boy is from a different village, he can come from time to time to the bride's house for a visit of a few days; if he is from the same village, he also can visit the home but seldom spends a night there.

The casual way in which young people occasionally talked about their engagement stressed the social rather than personal aspects of this experi-

1:Sanders Z-5.-1 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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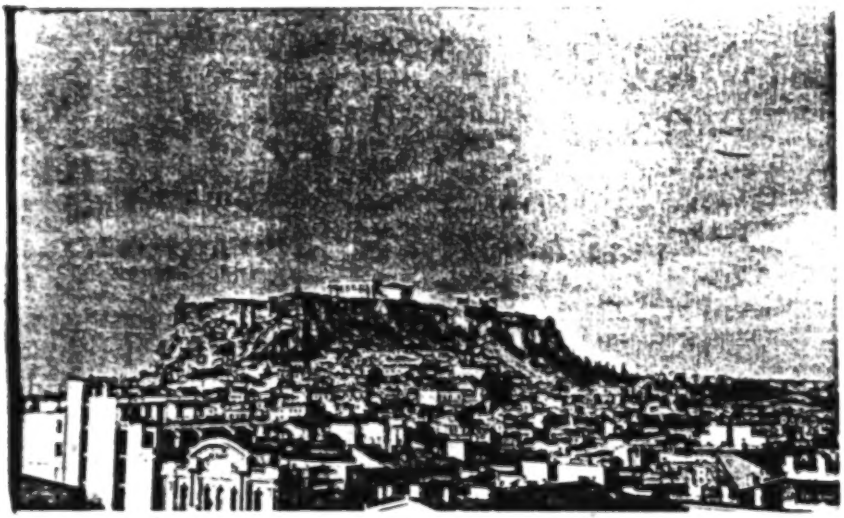

1. The Acropolis, its profile held unobstructed by city ordinance, shades the Athenian in legacy from the Golden Age.

[p.272-A]

Vlachs EH15
1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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2. Kyparissia (Cypress Village) of Peloponnesos, amid its pattern of mountain, and field, and cypress trees that hide a cemetery.

3. The square of Metsovo, Epirus, village of the shepherd Koutso-Vlachs; the children quieted while a vivid funeral procession passed along this road.

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1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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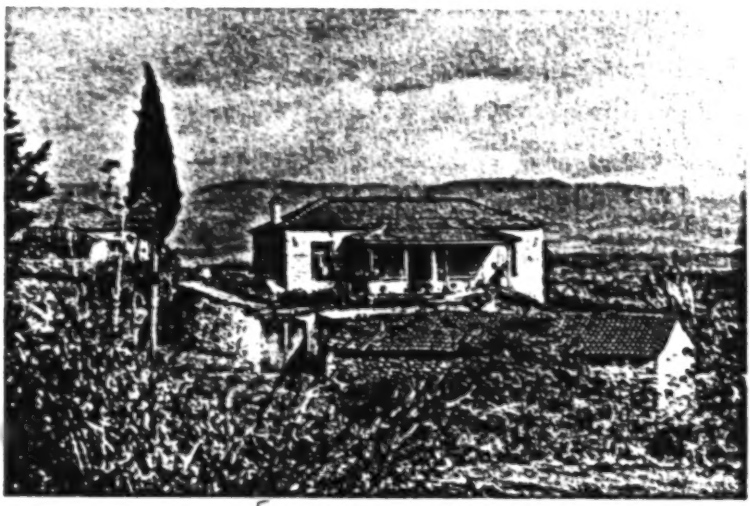
4. The village of Valtetsi, near Tripolis, Peloponnesus, is abandoned for half the year as the shepherds follow pasturage. The walls remain broken, testimony of wartime guerrilla raiders.

5. A Peloponnesian home, walled from the road, hugs a rock slope near Megalopolis.



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1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

346 Generally, in the old villages the church is in the outskirts. To the back of
● 361 the church is the cemetery, which is walled to keep out both wild predatory
764 animals and farm animals. For Greeks it is a sin to step on a grave. The church
may have a belltower, or the bell may be hung from the branch of an old tree.
[783] There is always a well in the churchyard and the cemetery of the old village.
It is used as drinking water and for the purification after a burial. The main
[312] church of the old village must be the tallest, the largest, and the best-constructed building of the village. This signifies respect for God; the past is not forgotten. This is very much after the pattern of the ancient Greeks who built their shrines as the best buildings while they themselves lived in huts. . . .

Both the church and the cemetery of the old village must be located in a landscape of natural beauty and scenery. Thus faith, worship, and death are in close relation with the natural scenery.[35]

[178] But Valassis adds a discordant note. The new churches are now being
[769] constructed in the center of the village, while the cemeteries remain on the outskirts. No longer, therefore, do the peasants, after a Mass or ceremony, go to the graveyard to pay respect to their ancestors.

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Vasilika

Vasilika with Parori and Mt. Parnassos in the background

Women hoeing.

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Vasilika

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The Village: As a Setting

THE VILLAGE OF VASILIKA lies almost at the foot of Mt. Parnassos on the Boeotian plain. The oldest of its fifty-odd houses were built in the late nineteenth century by the grandfathers of some of the now adult villagers. Most of them came from the village of Parori two miles to the northeast. Until 1933, when Vasilika sued for and won separate status, the two settlements were classified by the central government as one community (*kinotis*). The parent village still has the larger population, with some 700 inhabitants, while Vasilika, in 1955–1956, had 216.

Both Vasilika and Parori have come to be called by these names only since 1955. During the Turkish occupation, and for more than a century after the liberation of the region, the Boeotian villages used the names the Turks had assigned to them. Parori was Biskeni Aghas; Vasilika was Kravasaras. But in the last decade, patriotic considerations have led to a change from the old names to ones based on Greek roots. *Parori,* in Greek, means "near a mountain" and is an appropriate name for a village which rests in the foothills of Parnassos. *Vasilika* means "royal" and was the name of a hill in the region where a famous battle against the Turks was fought. In some cases, the names by which the villages were known in classical Greek times were restored. Drachmani, for example, once again became Elatia.

Most of the villagers of Vasilika, in 1961, still called the village "Kravasaras." Indeed, the new sign pointing to the dirt road which leads into the settlement reads *Kravasaras,* in spite of the designation of the village in the provincial records as *Vasilika.* This type of double nomenclature is common in the entire region. The wives of Vasilika, most of whom come from the surrounding Boeotian villages, frequently refer to their former houses by their older Turkish names. These are the names which evoke for them the emotions associated with "my village." Their husbands, on the other hand, often refer to their wives' home villages by the newly given names. An outsider must resign himself to learning the double nomenclature if he is to avoid utter confusion.

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

The Area Surrounding Vasilika

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[621] The inhabitants of Vasilika, as the village will henceforth be called, are farmers and shepherds. The farmers cultivate the land in the plains adjacent to
361 the low-lying ridge on which most of the houses are built. As a consequence of
[423] the dowry and inheritance system in the region, some of the fields near Vasilika are owned by farm families in neighboring villages, and the Vasilika farmers own some lands in other sections of the Boeotian plain and even in the surrounding foothills. By and large, however, the inhabitants cultivate lands of the
[133] quality characteristic of the Boeotian plains. These lie in East Cefitral Greece,
[134] north and west of the smaller plains of Attica. The flat land of Boeotia is one of Greece's few regions of moist, fertile soil. The Kiphisus river once flowed through the whole area, but earth movements and the porous limestone of the region, which permits underground drainage, have broken the continuity of the river's flow. The upper stream flows through a narrow mountain-bordered valley and then into a wide plain which was once covered by Lake Copais. The river is silt-laden, and the underground channels through which the water escapes tend to get blocked up. The land can not always absorb the waters of the winter rainy season as rapidly as they accumulate. Thus an especially wet winter can flood the fields so badly that they do not drain off in time for spring planting
[312] (Newbigin 1949:333). A system of controlling the waters exists for the land reclaimed by draining Lake Copais. However, the cultivated fields of Vasilika lie some miles past this region, and although the Kiphisus flows through their fields, the farmers have no method of draining off excess water. Consequently,
[134] they watch the winter rains with some apprehension. On the other hand, the regular winter flooding in ordinary years, along with the accumulation of alluvium enriched by humus, makes the soil suitable for two crops of wheat annually and for summer crops such as cotton and tobacco (Newbigin 1949:333).

241 Since the growing season for these last two crops is a dry one, the cotton
312 always requires irrigation and the tobacco sometimes does. The natural underground drainage system makes it possible to drill good wells almost anywhere
[406] in the fields, from which water may be drawn by diesel irrigation pumps. Many such wells have been dug and are serving Vasilika's farmers. Within the village itself there are nine wells in regular use. Only an unusually dry year brings any danger of serious water shortage for either ordinary household purposes or for
[363] irrigation. The mulberry trees which line the main village street and the occasional trees which appear here and there among the houses flourish because of the good water table and, in spring and summer, provide a pleasing contrast of dark green to the predominantly brown and orange tones of the village's land and houses.

49 The people of Vasilika, like those on the other plains of Greece, not
621 only have the advantage of larger tracts of more fertile soil but also are consider-
361 ably less isolated than the inhabitants of the mountain villages. As will be seen,
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2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1969 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

the easy access to roads and transportation to and from the village has important consequences for its culture and social structure.

The Boeotian plain is bounded by mountain systems and the sea. Running west and north, the Parnis, Kithaeron, and Helicon ranges as well as Parnassos itself separate it from the plains of Attica. The town of Lamia on the small Sperchios plain to the north and the west can be reached only by traversing parts of the Kallidromon and Ghiona mountains. To the east, an extension of the Kallidromon range makes access to the Gulf of Atalanti difficult. But the most important road which runs over and around the mountains and through the plains from Athens to Thessalonika has been paved throughout its length since World War II. It is now a two-lane asphalt highway which serves as a truck and bus route of major importance in the communications system of the country. In most of Boeotia, the highway runs more or less parallel with and not far from the tracks of the Athens-to-Thessalonika railroad.

The village of Vasilika lies on the slope of a low ridge just a half mile off this main highway. Since the summer of 1956, a local bus comes through the main street of the village twice a day, at 6:00 in the morning and at noon.

Going in the direction of Athens, ninety miles distant, the bus passes a British Petroleum (BP) station and restaurant a mile and a half down the road and traverses several villages. Its destination, however, is usually Levadhia, fifteen miles from Vasilika. Levadhia is the provincial capital and marketing center of some 12,000 population. Here bus connections to Athens may be made.

In the opposite direction, the nearest village of some size and importance is Kifisokhori. It lies five miles up the road from Vasilika. Kifisokhori has, among other facilities not available in Vasilika, flour mills, large grocery stores, barbers, doctors, a pharmacy, a movie, and several taxis. Whether they use the bus or load their horses with flour for the mill and walk by way of the shortcut through the fields, the people of Vasilika go most frequently to Kifisokhori.

Further north and off to the west, but only about eight miles past Kifisokhori, is Amphiklia. This town is the seat for tax collections and other governmental financial matters for the fiscal district in which Vasilika is situated. On the 16th of each month, for example, the priests of the village within Amphiklia's jurisdiction gather in the town to collect government salaries. Amphiklia also has a coeducational gymnasium (the approximate equivalent of an American high school and junior college combined). Several boys and girls from Vasilika live in that town to attend the school.

The people of Vasilika can also travel in the direction of the sea. The dirt road which starts at the highway leads to the houses of the village, then becomes the main street, and finally extends beyond the settlement between the borders of the fields and the foot of the ridge on which the village is situated. Never free of ruts, of dust, and in the winter, of mud, the road narrows and deteriorates further as it passes the last village house. Nevertheless, pedestrians, donkeys, horses, tractors, and even, with some difficulty, trucks and buses can get through. Half a mile past the last village house, at the banks of the Kiphisus, this road meets the road to Atalanti. Buses from Levadhia that have turned off

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

onto the Atalanti road at the BP station will stop here if there are any passengers.

The asphalt and dirt roads are not the only routes by which the village can be approached. The local railroad station of Helikon is just a mile up the highway going toward Kifisokhori. Trains from Athens stop at Helikon at least once a day. The train can also be used to reach Kifisokhori. Thus, a resident of Vasilika can reach any of the main towns of eastern Greece with relative ease and at no great expense, even from the standpoint of his own standard of living.

The same transportation routes which enable the villagers to leave their homes also enable people and products to enter the village. Itinerant vendors of fresh fish, oranges, tomatoes, ice cream, cloth, crockery, sacred pictures, and the like reach Vasilika over these roads. Tinsmiths, blacksmiths, and cobblers use them to come to set up shop for a day or two near one of the coffee houses. The same roads bring gypsies who occasionally pass through the village to beg and to entertain. On the many occasions when family gatherings are in order, the town relatives of the villagers can reach Vasilika with ease.

This description has so far primarily concerned itself with Vasilika's accessibility to town or city centers of commerce, government, and recreation. But there are also paths through the fields and into and over the surrounding hills that lead to the neighboring villages. One can still walk or ride a horse or a donkey to reach these settlements. For the women of Vasilika, these are the important routes. By following them, they can reach the homes of their parents and their daughters, attend the engagements, weddings, and saint's day celebrations in their home villages, and perhaps help out when a daughter has a child. These same paths bring the relatives of Vasilika's women into the village on similar occasions. From the standpoint of the rural economy, this network of paths permits the movement of farm laborers among the villages. Indeed, it is in this way that the postman walks from village to village carrying the mail.

The stress on the many avenues of contact with other people and communities available to Vasilika's population should not lead one to imagine a bustling, busy center with a constant ebb and flow of traffic. The exact nature of movement in and around the village can be better understood if the spatial arrangement of Vasilika's buildings is known. Social relations among the villagers are also affected by these arrangements.

Inside Vasilika

The ridge, on the lowest slopes of which most of the structures are built, lies, as I have said, a half mile from the main highway and somewhat parallel to it. The highway runs from northwest to southeast, Vasilika's ridge from northwest to east. To reach the first village structure, one walks north about three-tenths of a mile on a dirt road leading from the highway. Vineyards and fields are on the right; to the left stands the new one-room schoolhouse built in 1959, with its play yard and surrounding wire fence. A stand of young pines and another of young cypresses, newly planted by the school children, adjoined the schoolhouse in 1961. On the road, past the schoolhouse, a little further to the

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

west but on the same side of the road is Vasilika's cemetery. It is a small square area outlined by tall cypresses standing just inside the low stone wall which encloses the graves and the small church of St. Nicholas. Mass is said in this church in celebration of the birthday of its patron saint on December 6th. Sunday afternoon Easter services and funeral ceremonies are also held there.

Past the cemetery the road turns east, runs through the village, and constitutes its main street. Almost all the buildings of Vasilika are ranged for about one-fifth of a mile on both sides of this dirt road. Most of the houses are on the ridge side of the road; a single row of structures lines the field side. As one continues east on the village street and looks to the right on the field side of the road, he first sees fields and then the old school building. The next structure is the main church of the village, the church of St. Athanasius. It is the largest building in the settlement, and, like most of the others, it is constructed of field stone. Regular Sunday masses, Christmas and Easter services, baptisms, weddings, as well as the majority of saint's day and other special liturgies are conducted here by the village priest. The bell in the campanile of St. Athanasius summons the villagers to church, the children to school, and the men to an impromptu public meeting on the rare occasions when one is called to discuss village affairs. And, inevitably, the tolling of the bell announces the death of one of the villagers.

Separated from St. Athanasius by a very narrow alley stands a one-room structure which serves as the office for the village government. It now has a telephone, the only one in the village. Near the village headquarters and still on the field side of the road lives the owner of a combined store and coffeehouse. A ground-floor room of his house contains merchandise such as matches, cigarettes, lemons, salt, sugar, canned vegetables and fish, aspirin and penicillin, thread, and miscellaneous small items, while the outside space in front of the store is reserved for chairs and tables. From this coffeehouse, on the field side of the village, the rest of the structures are homes and their outbuildings, roughly in a line near the road.

Starting now at the western end of the village, and looking east at the ridge side of the road, one sees houses and their outbuildings occupying the lower third of the ridge. The uppermost group of homes were, in 1955, reed huts in which some of the shepherd families lived. Other reed huts served as storage houses. By 1961, the dwelling-huts had all been replaced by new brick houses, already wired for electricity but otherwise in various stages of completion. On the ridge side of the road the only buildings which are not exclusively used as residences are, first, another combined store and coffeehouse, which stands on the street diagonally opposite the first and is also a room in the house of its owner, and second, a nearly completed stone reservoir.

Finally, some two hundred feet past the last house and slightly up the slope, stands the small church of St. Cosmas and St. Damian, the patron saints of the village. Here the village celebrates its *paniyiri*, its patron saints' day festival, on the first of July. Mass is celebrated in the morning, and villagers from the surrounding countryside fill the small edifice to overflowing. Occasionally, other masses are said at this church in the course of the year. Except for the

church of St. Cosmas and St. Damian, therefore, Vasilika's public buildings and its two commercial establishments are concentrated toward the end of the village that is closest to the turnoff from the highway.

The part of the village street which is between the two coffeehouses is called the *aghora* (market place), and it is here that the public life of the village is carried on. The bus stops at the *aghora.* Most of the itinerant peddlers stand there and loudly shout their wares. Government officials sit in one or the other of the coffeehouses to conduct business with the villagers. At the end of a day's work in the fields and throughout much of every day in the winter, Vasilika's men sit in the coffeehouses to talk, occasionally to play cards, and, incidentally, to drink coffee or, in the summer, soft drinks. On feast days and holidays musicians come to the *aghora,* and the villagers, their guests, and people from the neighboring settlements gather to listen to the music, and to take turns at dancing and at watching the dancers. For the most part, however, the world of the *aghora,* and, indeed, the public world of the village, is a male world penetrated sporadically by children of both sexes. Business with government officials or with artisans is conducted by the men. Men do the marketing from the peddlers of fresh foods, and buy whatever items are needed from the village stores. Little girls up to the age of twelve or fourteen, alone or with their brothers, may be sent to the *aghora* on errands, but older girls and women will venture into the area only to pass through it on their way to church or to the fields. I have seen a young mother from the eastern end of the village, when she heard the calls of a tomato vendor, walk to the edge of the *aghora* area. She stood some two hundred feet from the tomato wagon, shouted to the peddler to ask what his prices were, and then waited in the same spot until she could send a passing child to buy her tomatoes for her.

The private world of the villagers, which is more significant than the public one both from their own point of view and from that of the outside observer of the culture and social structure of the region, is concentrated in and around the homes. With a few exceptions to be noted later, each of Vasilika's married men owns the house in which he lives with his wife and children. The structural type and size of the houses and the arrangement of each family's compound of buildings varies partly with the age of the buildings and partly with the income level of the owners. The large older houses are two-story rectangular stone buildings with an outside staircase leading to the terrace of the second story. There is no way of reaching the upper rooms from the inside of the house. The terrace, with wooden plank flooring if there has been no recent renovation, and of cement, if there has been, is a constant feature of the two-story houses. The roofs are peaked and covered with red tiles. Stones are used to keep loose tiles in place. Large two-story houses built since the end of World War II are constructed on the same pattern, but with flat terrazzo roofs. Most of these are still constructed of the local stone. A second type of older house is smaller in area, has only one floor, and is built either of the prevailing stone or of white-washed stucco covering a brick frame. Some of these structures have no windows, and when this is the case, they are more frequently than not used as combined storage houses and barns. However, several of Vasilika's families live in such

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Vasilika

windowless houses. There are also newer versions of the one-story house now being built in the village. They are one-room structures with red brick walls, flat roofs, and no facing of any kind to finish them off. This is the type of house several of the shepherd families have had built for themselves. They find them a considerable improvement over the reed huts. Two young farmers who have married girls from the village have also built houses like these for themselves in order to avoid having to live in the already cramped quarters of their parents.

The other types of construction in the village are stone-walled ovens which are usually extensions of the lower part of the house (access to them is always from outdoors), brick housing for the turkish-style latrines used in the village, stone parapets for the wells which are scattered throughout the village, and the occasional stone wall which surrounds a house compound. The most desired pattern for a household's compound in Vasilika is a large two-story house with an oven, one or two storage houses, a latrine, and a large yard with some mulberry trees, a grape arbor, and a small garden, all surrounded by a ten- or twelve-foot wall with one or two gates as the only mode of entrance and exit. One man in the village has just such a compound. Several others have similar ones, but with lower surrounding walls. For the rest, there may be fewer buildings and no enclosure, or perhaps the requisite buildings with a wire fencing as a substitute for the walls.

The first principle of arrangement of Vasilika's buildings is that places of public resort face the main street and are fairly close to each other at the western end of the village. The principle governing the arrangement of houses is different. They are individually oriented with respect to the street and to Mt. Parnassos (which is off to the northwest) but not with respect to each other. That is to say, the entrance to each house faces either in the direction of the street or directly away from the mountain. This is not true of outbuildings, however, the entrances of which are found on any of the four sides of the buildings. This combination of orientations and the habit of building enclosing stone walls or wire fencing, with the gates or paths through these on different sides, results in a clustering of structures randomly arranged with respect to each other. The single rocky path leading from one house door may reach the entrance of another house, or it may lead along a roundabout path which skirts the back of a storage house, or it may lead to a well yard or to a stone wall. A walk around several house compounds may be necessary to get from one house to the doorway of another which is right next to it. Some buildings have very narrow alleys between them; others are separated from each other by paths of differing widths and open spaces of varying size. The houses of Vasilika are not, therefore, arranged in neat rows with straight paths between, nor are they laid out in an orderly system of concentric semicircles or similar patterns of rectangles or squares. Since the buildings are of different heights themselves and stand on different levels of the hill and since there are no clear rows of paths, one does not get a panoramic view of the activities of the villagers as they move around close to their houses even when one looks down from the windows or verandas of the houses higher up on the slope. Instead, one may see only the back of another house, or a small part of a path which a neighbor uses. Even the

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houses directly on the village street are fairly close to it, so that the protrusion of one wall obscures the view from the roadside entrance of the next house. Four of the substantial village households along the main street have high enclosing walls on the street side.

Either by inadvertence or by design, such an orientation of buildings has certain consequences. It successfully limits the ability of the members of any village household to see directly just what is happening in more than two or three neighboring households. Except for such immediate neighbors, people may have to make a deliberate effort to find out what is going on in other sections of the village. And the signs may not be easy to interpret. The smoke rising from an oven down the hill indicates that the oven is in use. But it may be the owner who is using it, or some other woman who may have borrowed it to bake her bread. Or perhaps she is baking a *pita* (a kind of pie). Who knows? Besides, much of the movement of people to and from their homes has to do with what, from the villagers' point of view, are family affairs. Trips connected with the possible sale of tobacco, with the purchase of finery for a festival, with the preliminaries involved in arranging marriages, or with the supervision of any property owned elsewhere, are considered private family business. One therefore does not make a public show of setting out to attend to such affairs. People will make all preparations inside the house and leave just in time to catch a bus. If most people are indoors or in the fields that day, a departure may not be noted until the evening discussions in the coffeehouse. Or perhaps not even then, since few men follow a regular pattern of coffeehouse attendance.

The point here is not that the people of Vasilika cannot and do not learn about the activities of the other villagers, but that the acquisition of such information comes with some conscious effort and often with some difficulty. Once obtained it is highly prized. One gets the impression that about some matters, at least, everyone is playing a perpetual game of hide and seek. Each family does its best to keep certain aspects of its own affairs from leaking out and every other family does its best to uncover the secrets. Each group succeeds somewhat in its purpose and the taste even of limited accomplishment serves to keep the game going. The placement and character of the buildings in Vasilika contribute to the intriguing quality of the process.

Movement in and through the Village

To return to the general question of the pattern of traffic and movement in Vasilika: The public focus of the village is at the western end of the settlement, and remains on the level plain. Many visitors to the village, therefore, never travel further, either out east or up the hill, than the *aghora*. But some trucks, tractors, horses, mules, donkeys, wagons, and even occasional taxies are driven through the entire settlement on their way to and from the fields near the river. The villagers themselves contribute much of this kind of traffic in the spring, summer, and early fall when they go daily to the fields and transport

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Vasilika

back, remarks that pruning is especially hard work because it is the first job in spring after the winter's rest, and usually finishes by saying, "What can we do? Wine is good, but it takes hard work."

The movement of people in and out of Vasilika is not dependent on the agricultural cycle alone. I have already mentioned the visits of vendors, traders, and government officials to the village. Each saint's day brings some visitors to Vasilika, for the men and boys of the village celebrate the birthday of the saint after whom they were named, and not their own birthdays. On St. George's Day, for example, relatives who live in surrounding villages come to visit the George in Vasilika who is kin to them. The number of the visitors on these days is thus directly related to the number of men and boys in the village who have been baptized with the name of the saint being honored. On St. John's Day, St. George's Day, and St. Constantine's Day, for example, there are many visitors to Vasilika. There is no one named Spiros or Petros in the village, so that St. Spiridon's Day and St. Peter's Day bring no visitors at all.

The periods of greatest density of population in the village are the two or three days of *paniyiri* (the patron saints' day festival), when relatives and strangers by the hundreds come to the village for the festivities, and Christmas and Easter, when those who formerly lived in Vasilika return to their *patridha* for a few days. Vasilika is least fully populated in midsummer when individuals and families attend the *paniyiria* of other villages in the region. They usually choose those villages in which they have relatives, and stay for a few days. At this season, also, some families go to watering places for a week or two, or camp on Parnassos to avoid the heat of Vasilika.

The arhythmic quality of the movement of people, animals, and vehicles through the village has been described. It now remains to say that the pace of movement is always slow even when it is most purposeful. No one strides briskly along the road or paths of the village; only children are ever seen running. The pace seems to be set by the slow walk of a loaded horse or mule or donkey. The villagers take the long leisurely strides they need to accompany these pack animals, whenever they go from place to place, even when they walk without them. Slow action is characteristic also of the performance of any task. No one is ever in a hurry. Women cook and serve with efficiency but without speed; men load a horse equally efficiently but again without speed. Their movements are controlled, and the exercise of that control gives an impression of vitality, of a tenseness which makes the slowness a sign of power and deliberation, never of lassitude or indifference.

When a visitor returns to Vasilika, he may ask, *"Ti nea?"* "What's new?" He often receives the quasi-rhyming response *"Isichia,"* "All quiet." The response means "The round of life is going on as usual. Besides, nothing much ever happens in this place, anyway." And in some sense, the villagers actually believe what they say. The village is the physical center of the lives of the inhabitants; in spite of their trips out of it, and the coming of visitors to the village, the people of Vasilika see and talk to their fellow villagers more frequently than they see and talk to nonvillagers. They even express considerable satisfaction with some of the obvious village-wide changes of the last few years

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IV

THE ORGANIC BODY

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Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children.

THERE is an old story, still to be heard in the mountain villages, which tells how God fashioned the dry land; how He put all the earth through the mesh of His sieve: here a pile of fine rich soil, the granary of Africa, and there another which was Sicily. When all was done there remained within the sieve a heap of stones and dross: God threw them over His shoulder, and there was Greece. *Tout ce païs*, remarks an old traveller, *est plein de hautes montagnes.*

It is important to bear in mind the physical characteristics of the setting within which the Greek Church carries out her work of reconciliation and renewal. Greece is a land of high mountains and narrow coastal plains; of few towns and wretched communications. The majority of her people live, as they have lived from time immemorial, in small rural communities widely dispersed among the mountains, winning a laborious subsistence from the parched and stony soil which scarcely covers her rocky skeleton. More than half of the whole area of Greece is utterly barren; much of what remains consists of forest and poor pasture; less than one-fifth is under cultivation. Greece and poverty, the saying runs, have ever been sisters.

At the time of the last census approximately one-seventh of the total population of Greece dwelt in the Athens-Piraeus region, the phenomenal growth of which during the last 100 years has set it strangely apart from the rest of the country—even though "the equipages of Athens", as the Abbé de St. Michon observed, "have not quite the freshness nor the elegance of those seen in the Champs Elysées". Salonica had a population which was approaching 300,000; the next largest town, however, was Patras with less than 80,000 inhabitants. Most of the remaining towns, a large proportion of which are situated in the fertile plains of Macedonia and Thrace, are market towns and centres of rural industries but little more.

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795 territory. Kato Nevrokopi, where the Greek Metropolitan has his
648 throne, is a large village, or *comopolis* (it had a pre-war population of
[162] about 2,000 souls), about twelve kilometres from the frontier.[1] The
722 whole of this region was evacuated by the civilian population in
166 March, 1941, when invasion seemed imminent, most of the refugees taking shelter in Drama, some forty-five kilometres to the southward. When the Germans abandoned eastern Macedonia to the Bulgars, all who were able to do so fled to Salonica, Verroia and other towns beyond the river Strymon. It was only after the withdrawal of the Bulgars in the autumn of 1944 that the Greek population began to trickle back.
727 In 1949 no less than twelve of the thirty villages of the diocese were
[736] in ruins and uninhabited, and the number of the orphans was said to
[346] approach 900. Kato Nevrokopi itself, though it still bore traces of the great battle which had raged about the forts of the Metaxas line and their heroic defenders, had come through the years of occupation and the more recent troubles almost unscathed, save for the deliberate destruction of the metropolis and the school.

796 It had been arranged that the Metropolitan should celebrate the
[793] liturgy next morning at the village of Dasoto, four or five miles away, which would be keeping its patronal festival. The day was ushered in by bugle-calls and a great beating of drums, revealing shortly after five o'clock that the newly-formed scout troop was already abroad. These
[233] martial noises were soon mingled with the soft ringing of a multitude
[512] of bells, as the cattle were driven out through the narrow paths between the cottages to the dusty river bed where they assemble each morning before moving off to the pastures. By a little before seven it had become
[493] evident that others besides ourselves were keeping the feast at Dasoto, as a few carts drawn by oxen or buffaloes, together with some solitary riders, rattled across the bridge and headed westwards. We followed
[487] in a jeep. Our path lay through fields of maize and tall sunflowers, above which occasional glimpses of a blue and white flag of vast dimensions indicated the scouts' line of march, along tracks which a heavy shower would render impassable to anything on wheels. Dasoto
[361] came into view after a quarter of an hour; a cluster of lime-washed
[342] cottages, the church prominent amongst them, on the lower slopes of the heavily wooded heights that surround the plateau.
[793] The parish priest and some thirty or forty men and boys had come as far as the outskirts of the village to welcome us. The Bishop's vestments,

[1] i.e. Bulgarian frontier - ANALYST]

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and his mitre in its brass box, were borne away to the church on a flood of ragged boys, and we followed rather more sedately while the bells jangled in the tower. The Metropolitan went straight to his throne on the south side of the church after vesting in the open narthex, and I was led to the stall on his right, immediately beneath the great eikon of the Pantocrator in the dome. The church had been recently redecorated and a gay diaper pattern now covered every part of the interior that was not frescoed. Not for the first time I was struck by the contrast between the comeliness and colour of the village church and the squalid dwellings which surrounded it. The little groups of people who had followed us up the stony path from the *mesochori*, or village-square, crowded into the church, setting up their candles before the eikons of our Lord and His Mother, bringing loaves bearing the seal "Jesus Christ conquers" and wine for the offering, oil for the lamps and lists of relatives and friends, both living and departed, to be commemorated at the liturgy that morning. The parish priest came with the singers and the verger to ask the Bishop's blessing, and the morning office (the first part of which had been sung before our arrival) was taken up again.

While the Magnificat was being sung, the parish priest went all about the building censing the holy things and the holy people with a proper indiscrimination, and when the great doxology was reached the sacristan ran down the church and set the three chandeliers swinging in alarming fashion while the belfry again resounded to the clash of metal. Mattins gave place to the divine liturgy; the church became more and more crowded till the people filled the narthex and overflowed down the steps into the path outside. The scouts arrived; the chandeliers swung more slowly, scattering drops of molten wax upon the heads of the congregation and splashing the strip of brightly coloured carpet which extended from the holy table down into the midst of the church; the incense and the venerable prayers rose to heaven, and the children scrambled up the stair leading to the high pulpit or balanced on the backs of the stalls occupied by their grandfathers.

The Epistle (from St. Paul's letter to the Philippians), was read by the chief singer, or *psaltes*, a soldier from the garrison at Nevrokopi who had learned the traditional chant in some village church on Pangaion, overlooking the ruined basilica where "the saints in Christ Jesus which were in Philippi" celebrated in their day that same holy offering in which we at Dasoto were taking part. There, like the ragged boys who now pressed upon him from all sides, he had joined with slowly growing

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VII

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A THESSALIAN THEBAID

It seems a place of such stupendious solitude, as if the situation thereof had been designed for the retirement of Monks or the Cells of Anchorites.

PAUL RYCAUT

For the Quiet and innocency of their Life, the natural Beauty of the Place, the Rocks, Mountains, Streams, Woods, and curious Plants, joyn'd with the Harmonious Notes of Nightingales, and other Birds, in whole Quires, celebrating, and as it were, welcoming the forward Spring, to speak the truth, so charmed my melancholick Fancy for a time, that I had almost made a Resolution never to part with so great a Happiness, for whatever the rest of the World could present me with. But, in conclusion, it prov'd too hard a Task for me, so soon to wean myself from the World.

GEORGE WHELER
A Journey into Greece, 1682.

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THE traveller who follows the shallow streams of Peneios beyond Trikkala, with its Byzantine citadel, towards Kalambaka at the head of the Thessalian plain, will observe, long before the ruined cottages and hastily improvised dwellings of that oft-destroyed township come into view, a singular group of fantastically shaped rocks rising abruptly from the plain. As he draws nearer and the mountains close in on either hand he will distinguish what appear to be human habitations occupying seemingly inaccessible sites among these monstrous crags and pinnacles. Above Kalambaka itself the limestone cliffs tower toward heaven, "asperous, craggy, and barren"; a few monasteries and hermitages clinging as it seems miraculously to the very brink of the abyss, in defiance alike of the violence of the elements and of the laws of gravity. These are the Meteora monasteries, so extraordinary in their situation that one is disposed to accept the local belief that God formed

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these strange rocks for the peculiar benefit of the communities of stylites who, in the fulness of time, were to build their chapels and hermitages upon their barren summits. Assuredly, there are few places on earth so admirably fitted to serve as a refuge for those who are called to the solitary life and to the labour of the angels as this rocky wilderness above Kalambaka.

The early history of the monasteries is lost in obscurity. We cannot say at what period the first solitaries found their way to this remote corner of Thessaly. It seems clear, however, that certainly before the end of the thirteenth century, and perhaps considerably earlier, there were many hermits scattered about this wild region. *Staghi* (as Kalambaka, the ancient Aeginion, was known in the Middle Ages), seems to be a contraction of *eis tous aghious*—the name is still preserved in the official title of the Metropolitan of Trikka and Staghi. It may have been many years before the unorganised eremitical life crystallised into anything in the nature of regular communities. Many of the monasteries trace their origins to the troubled epoch during the latter part of the fourteenth century when the Emperor of the Serbs carried on an intermittent campaign against the successors of Constantine from his base at Trikkala, a few miles further down the valley of the Peneios, and the desert of the solitaries was invaded by armed bands and by men whose warfare was not with principalities and powers. The hermits took refuge among the high rocks. How they first succeeded in establishing themselves on some of the apparently unscalable heights which are now surmounted by the crumbling ruins of their cells is one of the unfathomed mysteries of monastic history—though there are explanations to be heard in the mountain villages of Pindos.

Between 1356 and 1372 there came to Staghi a monk trained in the great coenobia of Mount Athos, Athanasius by name, who founded on the summit of the Platys Lithos—the vast mass of rock which towers to a height of more than 1,800 feet to the north of Kastraki—the monastery dedicated in honour of the Transfiguration of our Lord and Saviour which has ever since been known as the Great Meteoron. As darkness descended upon the glories of New Rome, and the church of the Holy Wisdom—"the most fayr Chirche and the most noble of alle the world"—fell into the hands of the infidel, the desert blossomed and a flourishing group of monasteries sprang up among the barren rocks. The Great Meteoron prospered and served as a model for other foundations, thanks to the wisdom of its founder and to the benefactions of

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later in the day. There was, alas! no bedding at the monastery, said Father Ambrose: everything had been carried off by the Communists, to equip a field-hospital which they had established in the mountains to the northward; "What is to be done? But we will find something for you when you return this evening."

We spent the rest of the day scrambling about the rocks and visiting long-abandoned monasteries and hermitages. At St. Nicolas—fast falling into ruin, and where one must tread with circumspection—we found a few paintings remaining in the two chapels and the refectory, as well as an iron chest containing liturgical books and an eikon of the Forerunner; elsewhere, nothing save slowly crumbling masonry and the all-enveloping silence. We paid a fleeting visit to Kalambaka and returned to St. Barlaam a little before sunset laden with cognac and cigarettes. Like the Great Meteoron, this monastery, which crowns the towering cliffs of Drakospelaia, was until quite recent times inaccessible save by net and windlass. It is a sixteenth-century foundation, having been built about 1517 by two brothers from Ioannina—Nektarios and Theophanes—on the site of the fourteenth-century hermitage founded by the solitary from whom the monastery takes its name. In 1950 it was inhabited by six monks. The *Igoumenos*, Father Christopher, told us he had been at the monastery for twenty-one years, and for another twenty years at a convent to the westward of Trikkala. He was seventy-seven—twelve years older than Father Ambrose, an Athenian who was ordained many years ago at Moni Petraki in the shadow of Lykavettos. This was the only one of the monasteries where we came across any novices. Father Bessarion (who came from a village near Larissa and who had seen service with the British army in the Middle East), had been received only five months earlier, as had another young deacon, a native of Chios. There were in addition two simple monks, one of them more than ninety years old.

That night it snowed heavily. Father Bessarion produced a threadbare carpet which, folded double, afforded us a little protection against the bitter cold; and he and a shepherd from Kalambaka, who was living at the monastery, kindled a huge fire which blazed on the open hearth of our cell until morning, while the wind howled along the deserted galleries, the ancient timbers groaned and shivered, and it seemed that an exceptionally heavy squall would send the whole monastery with its domed chapels and its frail scaffolding of cells and domestic buildings spinning off into the abyss. When daylight came we seemed to be sus-

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792 hostile camps have, however, already gone far towards transforming the
648 holy mountain into a purely Hellenic preserve, and threaten wholly to deprive it of the pan-Orthodox character which it yet retains, despite the fact that for many years now every monk has been required to adopt Greek nationality. Three of the twenty ruling monasteries—St. Panteleimon, Zographou and Chilandari—are non-Hellenic convents, being Russian, Bulgarian and Serbian respectively. In former days these monasteries were amongst the wealthiest on the mountain; St. Panteleimon, in particular, with its numerous dependencies—some of the latter far larger than any other ruling monastery—could boast of more monks than were to be found in all the other convents together. All these alien monasteries, however, were dependent mainly upon the produce of lands which now lie behind the iron curtain, and to-day, cut off as they are from their sources both of supply and of recruitment, they are in a most melancholy condition.

Of all the thousands of Russian monks who once inhabited the holy mountain scarcely 300 remain. The majority of these are aged and infirm: many of them physically incapable of cultivating the vegetables, olives and vineyards which now form the monastery's only means of support. It is now more than thirty-five years since the monks have been cut off from their own land. A certain amount of assistance continued to reach Athos from the Russian community in Jerusalem, but this also has ceased since the property became subject to the jurisdiction of the Moscow patriarchate. With the passing of the years the position of the alien monasteries becomes more and more desperate, as the list of invalids grows longer, and fewer and fewer hands are available for the support of those who can no longer work; and greatly as one may regret the fact, the day seems not far distant when Athos will become a purely Hellenic community.

792 Mount Athos apart, the organised religious life has come very near
727 to complete suppression in northern and central Greece during the last few years. I have already said something of the sufferings of the ascetics of the Thebaid of Staghi. The fortunes of two or three other important monasteries are not without a certain melancholy interest.

Take, for example, the ancient convent of Eikosiphoinisses, which
[361] traces its foundation to the second decade of the sixth century: a vast walled enclosure on the wooded slopes of Mount Pangaion, accessible only by mule-tracks winding high above the marshes of Philippi. It is said that there were some fifty monks inhabiting the convent at the

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raids, the Metropolitan of Serres arranged for rations to be sent daily to the monastery, and this state of affairs endured down till the summer of 1949, when it was considered safe to lay in stores once again. In the spring of 1950 only three monks were living in the convent: one of them a priest who could celebrate the divine mysteries. The other monks had been sent by the Metropolitan to serve in parishes of the diocese, where (owing to the very high proportion of casualties amongst the village clergy), the shortage of clergy was peculiarly grave.

All over northern Greece the same tragic history has been re-enacted time and time again. The monastery of Aghios Nikanor, Zavordas, lies at the heart of a barren and desolate region to the southward of Kozani, and within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Grevena. Like so many Greek monasteries its situation is remarkable: the summit of a high rock set amidst the swirling waters of the Aliakmon. The remoteness of its site, far from the lines of communication, brought this convent through the years of occupation unscathed; isolation, however, afforded little protection against the Communists. The monastery was attacked and looted; everything of the slightest value was borne off to the mountains together with the convent's pack-animals and its 300 sheep and goats. The abbot, Father Gabriel Balayiannes, and an older monk named Gerasimos Stathopoulos were murdered, and the survivors fled to the village of Palaiochori (some four hours' journey from the monastery) where they were still living when I visited this region in the spring of 1950.

Southwards, over the pass which skirts snow-capped Olympus and connects western Macedonia with the broad plains of Thessaly, stands the ancient monastery of Panaghia Olympiotissa at Elassona. This, too, was pillaged, the monks driven out, the abbot severely beaten, imprisoned and sent into exile. In almost every diocese of Macedonia, Thrace and Epirus the few surviving monasteries and their inhabitants have suffered a like fate.

The Abbé de St. Michon observes that in his day the Greek monk was a patriot who fought for the independence of his country, and who was loved for virtues which belong more to the soldier than to the man of prayer. The cannon of Megaspelaion were indeed used to some purpose against the Turk during the war of independence, and Urquhart gives a vivid description of his arrival at the monastery of Lezini, in the guise of a "goul or spirit of the marsh", with twenty muskets and a nine-pounder full of grape trained upon him. Alas! the monkish batteries

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GRAVE AND DIFFERENT GARMENTS

> The true, ancient, and flourishing Churches of Christ, being ever desirous that their Prelacy and Clergy might be had as well in outward reverence, as otherwise regarded for the worthiness of their ministry, did think it fit, by a prescript form of decent and comely apparel, to have them known to the people, and thereby to receive the honour and estimation due to the special Messengers and Ministers of Almighty God.
>
> *Canons of* 1604
>
> The parson's apparel . . . plain but reverend, and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell.
>
> GEORGE HERBERT

•361

[439] CAVALLA, the ancient Neapolis, where St. Paul first set foot on European soil, is a flourishing port, the chief centre for exporting the tobacco grown on the rich coastal plains of Thrace and Macedonia east of the river Strymon, the gateway to the Plain of Gold which stretches from the marshes of Philippi to the mountains to the northward of Drama. Great stone warehouses surround the harbour and give an air of solid commercial prosperity to the town, which boasts, moreover, two cinemas, a restaurant with plate-glass windows and chromium fittings, and a remarkable town hall in Hungarian baroque, apart from lesser amenities. Yet the pedestrian who pauses for breath after scrambling up the steps which give access to the metropolis, or who through some narrow break in the line of warehouses gazes out across the busy harbour and the waters of the Aegean, may observe—faint and barely discernible at midday, sharper and more clearly defined at dawn and towards sunset—a distant triangle rising from beyond the sea's rim: Aghion Oros, the holy mountain of Athos, "that is so highe, that the Schadewe of hym rechethe to Lempne, that is an Ile; and it is lxxvi Myle betwene".

[792] [292] Thence, as from another world, come occasional caiques manned by singular bearded figures in black gowns and tall cylindrical caps;

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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mingling strangely with the merchants and tobacco-workers who throng the quays and sip ouzo outside the taverns which sprawl against the low cliff below the old Turkish quarter of the town. Here, under the canvas awnings, one may meet the visitors at close quarters; one may discern the strange aroma, redolent of incense, garlic, fish, tar, resin, the smoke of candles and the salt Aegean, which clings to their garments and persons, defying analysis. Here too the careful observer may note the unwonted mingling of ecclesiastical and nautical attire which characterises these monastic seafarers: a black gown parted to reveal a rope-girt cassock and sea-boots; the cuff of the seaman's jersey peeping from beneath the monkish robe. These seafaring monks from Athos are a race apart, rarely to be seen among ordinary mortals save on the wind-swept quay at Salonica, supervising the discharge of a cargo of timber, or munching sour herbs soaked in lemon in the harbourside taverns at Cavalla.

To the casual beholder, however, the ordinary Greek ecclesiastic is no less plainly a man set apart from other men. Whatever may have come to be sanctioned in the outward garb of Orthodox clergy ministering to congregations in America or western Europe, a rigid conservatism prevails throughout the length and breadth of Greece. Here, at least, far from the corrupting influence of the Frank, the holy canons are faithfully observed. This is true above all of those which relate to the use of (or, rather, abstinence from) razor and scissors: the notion lingers on that in the divine economy there is some mysterious connexion between the orthodoxy of an ecclesiastical personage and the length of his beard; a beardless bishop would be unthinkable. "All the Greek Ecclesiasticks", observes a seventeenth-century traveller, "count it a great Glory to have store of Hair on their Crown, and all about their Ears, as well as on their Beards; and many old Monks, Hermits, and Anchorets, have I seen at Athos and elsewhere with their Hair both very thick and very long." And Mandeville tells us that "the Grekis also seye, that wee synne dedly, in schavynge oure Berdes. For the Berd is tokene of a Man, and gifte of oure Lord." This fidelity to the letter of the canons and to immemorial custom gives the Greek cleric a sufficiently distinctive appearance. The *papas* with his straggling beard, his hair gathered up in a bun and his tall *kalymmafchion*, is a familiar and accepted figure in all strata of Greek society.

The outdoor habit of all the clergy, from the "Prelates and topping

[Village Life]

they avoid infringing on the women's meeting place, though not as rigorously as the women avoid the men's coffee house.

Nearly all villages conform to these customs, and much else unites them in a common pattern of life. Yet there is a very important distinction to be made between hill villages and villages of the plains. The distinction is not simply one of altitude. Hill villages, by and large, are located in areas so barren that the population cannot raise enough food for its own consumption, whereas plains villages, as would be expected, normally produce a food surplus for sale.

The traveler in Greece, especially if he leaves the main roads behind and explores some of the rough byways of the land, will frequently be surprised to find quite large villages perched in the most improbable places, hiding in some mountain cleft far from any substantial area of cultivable land. Equally surprising is the fact that in some of the broadest and most fertile plains, like that of Thessaly for instance, villages are rather widely separated. Places can be found where cultivated fields extend in all directions yet no house or village can be seen. In such localities, the fields are often tilled by peasants who live miles away in a village nestling in foothills near the margin of the plain.

The reason for this anomalous distribution of population is largely historical. In Turkish times, if not before, life in the plains was difficult and dangerous. Soldiers and officials, as they passed to and fro, lived off the local inhabitants. Tax and rent collectors, too, were more attentive to the plains dwellers, whose fields might be expected to produce more wealth for the collector to seize upon. These plagues were less serious in the back country, away from the main lines of communication. As a result, humble villagers found it safer to live in the hills, leaving the plains comparatively empty. But there was little food to be found in the uplands, and the Turkish landowners of the plains often needed extra hands to help cultivate their broad acres.

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Hence a sort of symbiosis was established. A large proportion of the able-bodied men of the hill villages descended each year to the plains and worked in the fields of the Turkish landowners, then returned to their homes with wages, either in money or in kind, with which to supplement the produce of the tiny fields they had been able to carve from the mountain valleys and slopes around their homes.

Some of the hill villages developed occupational specialties,[1] sending most of their able-bodied men each year to labor as masons or carpenters wherever work was to be found. Groups of villagers sometimes walked as much as a hundred miles to and from the scene of this sort of seasonal employment. Other villages developed what might be called industrial specialties – lime burning, rug weaving, wood carving and the like – and peddled their products far and wide during the summer season. One village even developed an international trade in specially dyed red wool and cloth during the latter years of the eighteenth century, stationing agents in such cities as Vienna, Constantinople and Leipzig. The origins of the modern Greek merchant marine were similar, for sailors were easily recruited among peasant boys of the islands and coasts, who sought seasonal employment to supplement what could be produced on the family farm.

Another pattern of migration should be mentioned, up into the higher mountain slopes rather than down to the plains. Each summer herds of sheep and goats were sent to pasture on the high ground, where vegetation stayed green through the summer drought, and then returned to lower altitudes when the snows fell. Quite a few hill villages specialized in sheepherding, accompanying their own sheep, and sometimes sheep entrusted to them by others as well, on this annual round.

As long as the hill villages lay between two relatively unpopulated geographic regions – the plains beneath and the peaks

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361 438 464 166 433
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[1] [During Turkish times - ANALYST]

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361 above – these complicated arrangements worked well enough.
166 The Greek communities in the hills escaped the full rigor of
464 Turkish oppression, maintained a very considerable degree of
433 self-government, and were yet able to make a living by supplementing what they could produce in the immediate locality with what they could earn far afield.

361 Two other factors help to explain the concentration of popu-
[312] lation in the hills. One was water. Greece is a dry country in summer, and before modern well-drilling techniques were known, in many localities it was difficult or impossible to live
[164] the year around in the plains. A second factor was malaria. Until DDT came to Greece after the second world war, a very large part of the country was afflicted with chronic malaria. Hill valleys, where drainage was good, were often free of this disease when the plains were not.

361 Yet problems of water supply and the risk of malaria were
166 not enough to keep eager Greek settlers from the fat lands of
175 the plains when Turkish political control was withdrawn. On
433 the contrary, as one region after another was liberated, between 1821 and 1913, Turkish landlords and peasants left or were driven out. Land so vacated was promptly settled by Greeks, many of whom came down from hill villages, while others came from Asia Minor in 1922 and 1923, fleeing the wrath of Turkish
[563] armies. Only in western Thrace was the Turkish peasantry allowed to remain on the land in return for a guarantee from Turkey not to disturb the Greek inhabitants of Constantinople and eastern Thrace.

361 But what would happen when the Turks had been driven
464 from the scene, and the plains had been pre-empted by Greek
166 peasant communities? Clearly, this development, however sat-
178 isfying to national sentiments, spelled growing hardship for
433 those who remained behind in the ancient hill villages. A landlord with hundreds or thousands of acres might be eager to hire

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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large numbers of men to help till his ground for him; a peasant farmer, owning thirty or forty acres, needed comparatively little outside help with his crops. Moreover, as the population of the plains villages grew, farms were subdivided, and there was less and less need of outside labor. Thus the old symbiosis between hill and plain was upset as the plains came to be more densely occupied by a peasant farming population. The hillsmen, whose numbers continued to increase, had to seek new outlets.

The major outlet they discovered was emigration overseas, especially to the United States. This was, in a sense, merely a geographic extension of the familiar pattern of going away from home to seek work. Largely for this reason, many of the Greek emigrants who came to this country – mainly between 1900 and 1924 – arrived with no intention of remaining permanently in their new environment. They hoped instead to make enough money to allow them to go back home to their village, and there buy a house and some land in order to live in the traditional style of their forefathers. Many of course stayed, finding the new life overseas more satisfactory than the old one at home; but many thousands acted upon their original plans and returned. As a result, even today when an American arrives in one of the remoter and more isolated villages of Greece, it is no uncommon thing to be met by some returned migrant who spent the best years of his youth in Chicago or New York, and can produce a few words of broken English to prove it. Richer villages in the plains, on the contrary, seldom sent men overseas. As long as the family enjoyed enough land to be able to live in the simple style to which the Greek peasants were accustomed, there was no compelling motive that would lead a man to undertake such a perilous and expensive venture.

In 1924 the United States established a quota on immigration which virtually stopped the stream of Greek migration to this country. At about the same time, most of the other countries of

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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crowd around for advice, loans, seed and the like, and begin to turn to their local village government for assistance in bringing further improvements to the community.

Let us now turn to specific cases, and see what has happened in six representative villages during the past ten years.

Villages of the Plains

LOFISCOS

Lofiscos is situated in the plain of Thessaly, about half a mile off the main trunk road between Larissa and Volos. This is a region of hot summers and cold winters, for Thessaly is landlocked, surrounded west, east and south by precipitous mountains, and exposed to cold northern winds coming down from the plateau of western Macedonia in winter. It is the best wheat land of Greece, and wheat is the major – indeed almost the sole – crop raised by the villagers of Lofiscos today.

As the visitor approaches the village over a wandering track, deeply rutted by trucks that traverse the soft earth during the muddy months of winter and spring, Lofiscos looks shabby and ill-kempt. Houses are scattered irregularly; little fresh paint is in evidence. The dominant structure near the center of the village is a half-ruined rectangular stone tower that looks like and in fact once was a small fortress.

Before 1881, the year in which Thessaly was annexed to Greece, this building was inhabited by a Turkish pasha, who owned the entire area which now belongs to the villagers of Lofiscos. The ground floor was his granary and stable; in the upper story the great man lived with his harem. Since 1881 the building has been abandoned and allowed to decay slowly. The scattered huts in which the villagers live also survive from Turkish times in almost every case. The inhabitants are the

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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Lofiscos

[Villages of the Plains]

on so much land. Purchase of machinery, like that used on American farms, would be one way to solve this difficulty; hiring labor from outside the village would be another, and more probable, course. It is conceivable, however, that the villagers of Lofiscos may hesitate about bringing in strangers to work for them. There is a considerable feeling of clannishness among the villagers, a clannishness perhaps reflecting their knowledge that they are far, far better off than the great majority of their fellows, and a desire to keep what they know to be a good thing strictly to themselves. It will not be surprising if, a few years from now, reluctance to hire outside labor begins to hold back the development of more intensive farming in Lofiscos. But if and when the farmers do begin to offer jobs to poor men from the hills, some of the communities that have hitherto seen little benefit from the rising prosperity of villages like Lofiscos will begin to share at least a little in the economic advance of the plains.

All these possibilities lie in the future. In 1956 the village was supplying all its own labor and was just beginning to alter traditional ways. Few villages in Greece are so comfortably situated, and fewer still have such possibilities for further enrichment.

NEA ELEFTHEROHORI

Nea Eleftherohori lies at the foot of Mount Olympus, facing the Thermaic Gulf, about twenty miles north of Katerini, the local market center and regional metropolis. The name means New Free Village, and is a reminder of the fact that there is an older "Free Village" perched high on the slopes of Olympus. In Turkish times, which lasted in this region until 1912, the men of the older Eleftherohori engaged in a little farming but for the most part depended for their living on the sale of firewood and on summer work as carpenters.

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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Nea Eleftherohori

[Villages of the Plains]

may expect to maintain or modestly increase the standard of living they have enjoyed hitherto, it is likely that discontent will remain personal and private. As yet, hard work, saving and waiting seem to promise a solution; and with such hope present discontents seem bearable. But if some day the hopes turn out to have been in vain, then one may expect to see an active movement of political dissent and revolt appear in Nea Eleftherohori once more.

As compared with Lofiscos, therefore, Nea Eleftherohori is a good deal farther along the path toward a new social and psychological adjustment of village life. The less spacious economic base from which Nea Eleftherohori started compelled an earlier and more energetic adoption of new agricultural techniques; the old-fashioned frame in which the peasant family and community flourished from time immemorial has largely been transformed or discarded; and city standards have come in, not so much in fact as in aspiration.

PALEO CORINTHOS

Paleo Corinthos, or Old Corinth, stands on the site of the ancient city, on the isthmus between the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs. The imposing mass of Acrocorinth, crowned by extensive and well-preserved Venetian fortifications, dominates the village, whereas the ruins from classical times are comparatively inconspicuous. The modern town of Corinth lies on the shore some five miles off, and has taken over the commercial functions once centered in the ancient city. Until very recently, Old Corinth remained the mere village it had been in Turkish times.

It is, however, a much larger village than either Lofiscos or Nea Eleftherohori. Its population was officially reckoned to be 1,530 in 1947; by 1956 the figure had grown to 1,850. This growth was only partly due to natural increase, for the village

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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Hill Villages

KOTTA

621 Kotta is situated in the far northwestern corner of Greece, [361] about five miles from the Albanian border, and not more than fifteen miles from the point where Yugoslavia, Albania and Greece adjoin. Flowing past the village is a small stream which [133] in due course descends to join the Aliakmon River. The valley [311] slopes are steep, and the villagers possess only 500 stremmata (125 acres) of arable soil. Much of this is thin patches on the hillsides; of good bottom land the community has less than ten acres.

722 When I visited the village in 1947, the inhabitants were starv- 669 ing. Seemingly innumerable children peeped out from every [731] house, many of them showing bloated bellies beneath motley rags that served as clothing but scarcely covered their nakedness. The village was then in the hands of the guerrillas, who had stationed a detachment of fifteen boys (the eldest was not more than eighteen) in the community. The ordinary speech [191] was Slavic, and at least some of the villagers felt that it would [619] be better for them if their village belonged to Yugoslav Macedonia. Macedonian national feeling may have played some part in this attitude, but probably the major determinant was the knowledge that conditions across the border were not quite so hard as those they faced in Greece.

The people of Kotta were, indeed, living under war condi- [491] tions. The Greek army had blocked the main road between Florina and Kastoria, which runs not far from the village site, and no vehicles could pass without special permits; men could still get through on foot by taking off across open country, but there was little incentive to do so. Work could not be found [464] down in the plains, and a man from Kotta, with the trace of a Slavic accent in his Greek, was courting arrest or a beating if he

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1
Kotta

[Hill Villages]

regretted the loss of five of his own whom the guerrillas had taken. Yet he was fortunate in having one child still with him, a girl who was too young to leave her mother when the guerrillas took the older children. As for the attitudes of the younger generation in the village, I could not satisfy myself. In the presence of their elders, they generally kept quiet, and certainly refrained from any overt dissent. Whether they, too, shared the traditional view that the more children one has the better off one is (assured thereby of God's blessing and of sustenance in old age), I could not tell.

CHERASIA

Cherasia is a village in Thessaly near the base of Mount Pelion, some six air miles from Volos, the fourth city of Greece. Along the winding road, however, it lies about twelve miles from Volos; and before 1952 the only road connection with the village required a detour of about twenty-four miles around the mountain. The community is an old one. Local tradition holds that it was founded 680 years ago. Until the Germans destroyed the "upper" village in 1943, the community led a semi-migratory life, spending the summer months high up the mountain where a natural spring supplied water, and coming down to the foot of the mountain only in winter, when the flocks could pasture on the stubble of other villages' grain fields. The villagers looked upon the upper village as their real home, the lower one as only a temporary shelter.

The traditional occupations of the village were sheepherding and charcoal burning. Once upon a time, sixty or seventy years ago, the main support of the community may well have been sheep, pastured on the rough mountain in summer, and on grain stubble in the winter. Then, by degrees, charcoal burning and woodcutting became more important. Two factors presumably

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1
Cherasia

[Hill Villages]

city, was almost idle, so that serious unemployment was endemic in Volos, thus effectively blocking the easiest and most immediate escape for the hillsmen of Cherasia. In the Thessalian plain, villages like Lofiscos have not developed their agriculture to a level of intensity that would offer seasonal employment on a significant scale. Hence, for the time being the people of Cherasia are caught in a net scarcely of their own devising. At the same time they are stubbornly and angrily doing little or nothing to help themselves. It is not a hopeful situation, and if the general political climate of Greece should change, another guerrilla band could very likely be recruited from Cherasia without difficulty and at a moment's notice.

KARDAMILI

Kardamili lies on the sea, and can thus be described as a hill village only by looking inland, where high and barren hillsides rise abruptly from the coast, with only a small stream and a miniature delta to explain the location of the community. It is situated on the west coast of the central peninsula of the southern Peloponnese. Just to the south lies the wild and desolate country of Mani, a region where tribal organization and blood feud lasted into the twentieth century.

Kardamili raises a little wheat in the stream delta, but its major crop is olives. The rocky hillsides are covered with trees, skillfully planted in crevices and pockets of soil, many of which have been created artificially by terracing. The villagers reckon that they produce enough wheat to supply the community for about four months in the year; the rest has to be imported with money gained through the sale of olive oil.

Before the war, Kardamili added to its strictly agricultural resources by acting as a commercial center for a number of inland villages. They, too, exported olive oil, together with a few

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makes it easy for the farmers to sell their agricultural products at fairly good prices. The road built during the first war by the Allied armies is still in use and provides good transportation facilities. The same roads may be in use today by the same soldiers. The nearest market is eight kilometers from which most of the goods are bought. Once a week there is a bazaar in this market and on Tuesday of every week another bazaar is held in the nearby village of Herson. 438 443 [491]

The old Turkish village was very different than what we find it today. It had an old mosque, a pond in the center of the village, no running water but only wells, small two room sun-dried mud brick houses, with high walls around their yards, so as to protect their women from outside looks. The surrounding area of the village, which was used for cemeteries, was covered with huge pointed blocks of stones. This is because the Turks never buried their dead in the same tomb. They believed that the dead were living in an underground world by themselves and the /8/ heavier and the larger the stone the less chance the dead had to get up. From the number of such stones one could easily tell the number of years the Turks had occupied the village. The new settled refugees have used these stones for the foundations of their new houses and the ground was plowed for cereal raising. This spot being the richest of all the land of the surrounding territory, a very small portion was given to each refugee farmer. Here the fields are 1/8 of an acre. The only cereal that can stand this rich soil without being lodged is barley, which is pastured from December to March and still gives more yield than any other field of the same size. Nothing is lost in the world. Cemeteries are the best sources of nitrogen and phosphorus. 361 563 241 423

When the Turks were living in this village they were fewer in proportion to the land and so they could raise more livestock since they had more pasture land. With the increased number of refugees the livestock pasturing was more difficult. 233

/8 cont./

Since the refugees settled the village changed its external and internal appearance. The pond in the center of the village was filled up with 1400 cubic meters of dirt. It was fenced and a war memorial monument was erected in the center of it. Many shrubs were planted /9/ and the acacia trees surround the whole park. Once a bathing spot for the lazy buffalo, it has become now a rendezvous place for the youth of the village. The refugees were not satisfied with the well water and through personal work brought running water to the village from the nearby hills. A large fountain was built in the square of the village and two more smaller ones in the neighborhoods. As soon as the water came to the village, at the inauguration ceremony, the village changed its name from Armoutchi (Pear bearing) to Megali Vrisi (Big Fountain).

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Many of the Turkish houses were torn down and new houses with better roads and aesthetic appearance were put up. The whole village is covered with huge elm trees. The South Western part is occupied by the Thracians and the North by the Caucasians.

The Thracians are the only refugees who changed their homes for four times in less than 10 years and this last one may be the fifth. They are so discouraged in building big houses and leaving them every time to the enemy to destroy them that they all decided to erect one room houses with mud walls and ceiling made out of reeds. The cost of the material does not exceed more than $18 to $25. One of them once told me, "I left enough big houses to the enemy who destroyed them. This time I am going to destroy it before he comes in." When I laughed /10/ at his last remark, he shook his head and said. "You are too young yet to know the Balkans." No, I think he was right. Every Thracian family can carry everything they have on their backs. They simplified their lives, having only those things that are the most essential.

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Boundaries and Neighborhoods of the village. 621

Megali Vrisi itself falls into six neighborhoods. These neighborhoods are on the basis of kinship relationships. There are two in the Thracian section and four in the Caucasian section. The village has nearby villages such as Metallikon, South East 1 1/2 miles, Vaptistis, South West 1 3/4 miles, Castanies, 2 miles North West, and North East is Stayrohori, 1 1/2 miles. There is a hard-surfaced road which connects all these villages to Megali Vrisi. 628 361 491

A people of the Soil and their Mobility for the last 25 Years. 167 722

In spite of the fact that the people of Megali Vrisi are a people of the soil, yet some of them were the victims of the great destructive waves of war. The Caucasians were rather stable in their own country, and this forced movement, due to communism, was the first of its kind in their lives for many generations. The un-/11/ fortunate Thracians, because of their position in the much fought Balkan states, had to move very regularly from their village. I was often told that this was the fourth village they were building in less than 14 years, due to the Greco-Turkish war, the Greco-Bulgarian war, the first world war and the war of 1920 between Turkey and Greece. After the end of each war the survivors would return back to their village from their place of exile. One could almost read in their faces the effect of the hardships they had been through. The effect is noticed by the type of life they developed which has already become a part of their whole philosophy of living in this world. Small temporary houses--not much furniture, no mattresses, a straw mat and two heavy hand woven blankets for cover--a kettle to cook in, one common bowl for the whole family to eat in, one suit of clothes and few implements. In case of forced movement the wife and the husband are able to carry everything they have on their backs. Usually mobility makes a person cosmopolitan-minded and good mannered, but it had the opposite effect on these people. This may be due to the conditions under which they had to move. [648] 511 167

/79 cont./

of the Saints and Christ that made them often take extremely dangerous steps against their conquerors. The leaders of the churches became victims of the cruelty, but at last these very same persecuted priests started the revolt and gave freedom to the Greek people. Thus religion is a part of our nationalism, it is a part of our freedom and a part of our struggle for existence. I do not think any Christian people have undergone the test for Christianity that the Greek people did. If one goes back deep into the causes of the present Greek stubbornness in resisting the impossible and standing by their promise up to the end to help England, we will find it again in their religion. 175 795 [619]

As long as people live in the religion they have developed throughout centuries they cannot be conquered.

Faith in time of trouble. For every trouble there is a remedy and there is some source that will come to aid. Long dry seasons often lead the people to /80/ all day and night prayers to Saint Ilias for rain. When members of the family get sick, the priest offers prayer. The people strongly believe in the mercifulness and forgiveness of God. All occurrences, good or bad, come from God and He rewards and punishes people according to their deeds. Possibly for people who are not contaminated with the explanation that science gives to many phenomena, it is better for them to have blind faith and hope for the solution of their troubles. 771 [776] [782] [755]

The church. The church occupies the central part of the village and has a large yard around it. Its steeple is wooden and temporarily keeps the bells that call the people to the morning and evening church services. The bells also serve for a fire alarm as well as school time for the children. When the people left their countries they left behind livestock, furniture, and many valuable things, but they succeeded in bringing with them the ikons and the church bells. Some of the ikons date back to the 16th century. The lower parts of the ikons are worn out from the kisses received in the church. The people have great pride in their church and in the power of their ikons to perform miracles. Regardless of 346 778 [361] [202] [789]

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Greece EH1

To the Land of the Eagle

292 in the island, encircle their heads with an enormous roll of
[302] extra hair bound with red ribbon. This curious adornment —let me resist the obvious pun!—is an heirloom, and consists of hair which at one time belonged to a grandmother or other female ancestor. It is as much a visible sign of the married state as the ring is with us.

MARRIED WOMAN, GASTOURI

361 The chief feature of the village[1] is a very old well sur-
312 rounded by enormous plane trees of unknown antiquity. Here we watched the Gastouri girls coming for water, dawdling at the well's edge, and departing homeward with great jars of shining pottery—successors to the amphoræ of classical times—balanced on their heads. The painter in search of a subject, in whatever part of the world he may happen to be, can always find one at a well.

1 [i.e. Gastouri --- Analyst]